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Hymns



THE

FOREIGN SACRED LYRE.

Metrical Versions of Religious Poetry

FROM THE

GERMAN, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN,

TOGETHER WITH

The Original Pieces.

✓✓
BY JOHN SHEPPARD

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS ON DEVOTION," ETC. ETC.

LONDON:—JACKSON & WALFORD,

18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

1857.

P R E F A C E.

IT is believed that a sufficient plea for the practice of translation may be drawn from the ascertained and established excellence of some foreign writers, which renders it desirable to possess more of their productions, (even under the disadvantage of a version,) rather than some, at least, of those very numerous pieces called original, that are continually offered by our British press.

Several of the foreign poets from whose works the following pieces, of religious character, are here presented, have especial claims on respectful notice. Indeed, by lettered readers generally, their reputation is too well known to require that it should be announced. Yet a few remarks and testimonies concerning them respectively may not be deemed superfluous or uninteresting.

Michel-Angelo (Buonarotti) was at once painter, sculptor, architect, and poet. Of the unrivalled celebrity which he attained, no literary person can be ignorant. His poetry, indeed, was but a secondary or occasional

pursuit. It was nevertheless very highly admired by the most polished and enlightened critics of his times. Vasari says, "Heaven granted him with his other talents a store of lofty philosophy and a sublime poetic genius, as if to exhibit, in one individual, the perfect model of all qualities most esteemed and honoured by mankind." His works were edited by Biagioli unitedly with those of Petrarch, as fully worthy to be placed in close association with them; and the Academy della Crusca has ranked him among the Italian Classics.

"And even" (as a French writer remarks) "if the poems of this celebrated man had not in their intrinsic merit an attraction independent of his high renown, would they not still draw some lustre from their community of origin with so many *chefs-d'œuvre* of art produced by the same hand? A natural curiosity leads us to seek the smallest productions of great men; above all, the unlooked-for creations of a fervour suddenly excited, which show rather impulse than design."

The lyrical works of the poet *Klopstock* (however opinions may differ as to his well known Epic, the Messiah) have had the highest meed of praise from German critics. We read in the "Conversations Lexicon,"—"As a lyric poet (*Odendichter*) he takes his place among

the greatest poets of all times. He may be termed the Pindar of modern poetry ; but in fulness and depth of feeling he as much excels that renowned ancient, as the spiritual world which he depicts surpasses in inward grandeur the mythologies of the Greek. His religious odes (as the *Frühlingsfeyer*, &c.) have the soaring elevation of the Hebrew Psalmist, and show, even in the licence of their metres, the bold security of his lyrical spirit." Sir A. Alison has written in the like strain,—“ If we would form a correct estimate of the poetic genius of Klopstock, we must study his lyrical pieces, and then there is room only for the most unqualified approbation. Like the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso*, or *Lycidas*, they evince the lustre of his imagination even more than the stately march of the epic.” *

The choruses of *Racine* (of which portions are here introduced) have been pronounced incomparable even by so unfriendly a critic as Voltaire, whose prejudice must have been bitter against the principles of their author. They should have at this day some added interest for those Christians who expect, on prophetic grounds, and from the aspect of Eastern affairs, the speedy establishment of the Hebrews in their beloved land ; for the references in them to a former dispersion and return,

* Hist. of Europe, vol. v. p. 114.

are equally applicable to their present condition and prospect.

A French biographer of *De Lamartine* (who mingles censure of the politician with eulogy of the poet) relates that “on the first appearance of his ‘*Méditations poétiques*,’ a cry of admiration resounded through all France. The poet was saluted as a new deliverer, who, with the cross in his hand, broke the idol of Materialism, and dethroned Voltaire. In less than two years, forty-five thousand copies were sold.” He refers afterwards to the “*Harmonies poétiques et religieuses*” as “a sublime book, which procured its author a triumphal reception into the French Academy.”

Of another Italian writer, eleven of whose sonnets have been inserted in this volume, Mr. Hallam writes, “His poetry is always the effusion of a fine soul. We venerate and love Filicaja as a man. We also acknowledge that he was a real poet—gifted with a serious, pure, and noble spirit.” *

The translator therefore needs not hesitate to believe, that a great part of the original pieces here collected have a real value; whatever be the faults of his versions;

* Literature of Europe, III. 451.

to these he is far from being wholly blind or insensible, though perhaps much more so than his critics will be.

He has thought that in this age of continental travel, which increasing facilities are likely to render year by year more frequent, and when—partly as a consequence of this—the study of the chief modern languages of Europe has become so habitual,—specimens of foreign literature might have some new probability of acceptance.

It has also appeared to him, that religious travellers on the Continent, now not a few, (indeed too many, except they watch against the loss of Christian principles and habits,) may be interested in possessing and using a sort of religious “hand-book” in languages with which, if they would reap full benefit and pleasure from their excursions abroad, they *must* cultivate acquaintance. Such travellers, it is presumed, may be glad at times to combine exercise in those languages, with the recollection of that class of thoughts which foreign varieties are too apt to dissipate or exclude: and although versions of poetry, at least when metrical, cannot, without an entire sacrifice of taste, be literal enough to afford much aid in *grammatical* difficulties, they may nevertheless frequently assist the intelligent to seize the general drift

and spirit of the original, with at least more ease and correctness than these could otherwise be apprehended.

It will perhaps be objected by zealous persons, that among the poets of whose works portions are here introduced, some cannot be believed to have received Christian truth in its purity and fulness, or to have experienced its renovating power. Undoubtedly, from the record of their lives, and from the character of some others of their writings, there may be grounds for this suspicion. Nevertheless, it should be remembered, that we are by no means competent judges of the occasional feelings and convictions, still less of the latter and eventual state, of those who have been personally unknown to us. Moreover, our chief concern is, not with the authors, but with the sentiments contained in those of their productions here selected; which will be all found to express or imply reverence for Christianity generally, and in many instances a strong attachment to its most mysterious facts and its most peculiar doctrines. It should be considered also, that the testimony of such minds as those of Michel-Angelo, Klopstock, Lamartine, &c., to the unparalleled excellency of Christian truth, forms, so far as intellectual authority can be valuable, a combined attestation or suffrage of no light worth. And, let it be added, the concurrence of Christians of very different communions in

certain cardinal or fundamental tenets, so far as it is here exhibited, contributes to uphold the persuasion which charity would grieve to renounce, or to see overthrown,—that the essence of piety may consist with a wide diversity of opinions and of forms.

It must not be expected that the diction and versification of *all* pieces here inserted will fully correspond to that classic and poetic standard, by which literary natives, in the respective languages, would judge and estimate such productions. The translator, and those readers whom he may hope this volume will interest, although quite sensible to the charm of elegance and refinement, set a far higher value on Christian sentiment; and would accept the homely and unpoetical hymns of Martin Luther in preference to the most polished strains in which Christian truth is abjured or even ignored.

Hymns of Luther, however, have not been here introduced, because the best of them are already translated; * but the same character, as to a want of classical taste and finish, applies in a degree to some German pieces that have been here inserted, as also to the Italian hymns of the Vaudois, and perhaps to some of the French cantiques. Nor is it to be doubted, that such faults or defects with

* Several in the excellent work of Miss Winkworth, the “*Lyra Germanica*.”

regard to graces of style, as the translator may only suspect or conjecture, would be to critical native readers much more palpable. But as the pieces referred to were selected purely for the Christian spirit which is evinced in them, it has not been thought well to exclude what is substantially good, merely from an apprehension that the style or phraseology may to some be occasionally distasteful.

On the subject of translation at large, a discerning critic, after stating the qualifications requisite for executing it well, remarks that "he who possesses them will almost invariably abandon the thankless drudgery of interpreting the thoughts of another, for the more congenial task of original composition. Hence (he adds) it follows that really masterly translations are so rare." This is true generally; but there have been in our own country two distinguished exceptions. Dryden translated the works both of Virgil and Juvenal: Pope those of Homer. Mr. Macaulay states, that Dryden, whose reputation was then in the zenith, received 1300*l.* for his translation of the works of Virgil. Neither eminence of talent, therefore, nor large remuneration, was wanting. But it will hardly be thought, however great the ability of those translators, that they made real versions of Virgil and Homer. Cowper, in his preface to a subsequent translation of the latter, says, "The English reader is to be admonished, that

the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is to be found also in Homer, and that the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, is found only in Mr. Pope."

The same writer's remarks on translation generally are very just. "The free and the close have each their advocates. The former can hardly be true to the author's style and manner; and the latter is apt to be servile. Were it possible, therefore, to find an exact medium, a manner so close that it should let slip nothing of the text, nor mingle anything extraneous with it, and at the same time so free as to have an air of originality, this seems precisely the mode in which an author might be best rendered. I can only pretend to have endeavoured it."

Most readers agree to think, that Cowper, however able and assiduous, erred rather on the side of literality, and thus made his version of the Greek poet less attractive or acceptable. A translation from the ancients cannot, it is true, be very fitly compared with those made from one modern tongue into another; since there are nearer relations between these latter in the modes of thought and expression, and there would therefore seem to be less difficulty and disadvantage in a pretty close version.

That the present translator has not adopted the paraphrastic method, will be evident from the nearly parallel space occupied by the originals and the versions. Still his approach to the literal varies much in different cases ; and, on the whole, it has not been found expedient to make it so near and continued as was at first designed. He has frequently found occasion to change the metaphor, while adhering to the general sense ; and sometimes has likewise taken the freedom somewhat to modify the thought. Every instance of each, and the faults of whatever kind, will here be quite open to the reader who knows the originals, without the pains of reference, from their being in immediate juxtaposition before him.

Omissions of passages have been occasionally made, when the original appeared too lengthened, and for other reasons. Where this occurs, it is sometimes indicated by asterisks. The motives which led to these modifications and omissions will be often apparent to the discerning. Where any expression has savoured of coarseness, any figure of violence or bad taste, any phrase of hyperbole, the translator's bias has been to alter it. Where any sentiment seemed induced by an incorrect theology, or by a defective moral standard, it has been sought to give a turn to the thought which would rectify those deviations. As the precise extent of such variation will be evident

from the inspection of the originals, there is no scruple as to introducing them.

In the odes from Klopstock it has not been deemed advisable to adopt fully his great irregularity of metre, nor altogether to reject, as he did, the use of rhyme. In some instances, however, his unrhymed metre, and his imitation of ancient classical metres, are attempted to be followed. In the pieces from the French and Italian, also, some diversities and irregularities of metre have been purposely indulged in, as more consonant with the originals and with the lyric style. One piece is given from Alessandro Guidi, a writer not generally known, but of whom Mr. Hallam says, "that he raised himself to the highest point that any lyric poet of Italy has attained." It was judged by the translator that the style of this poet is better suited to a version without rhyme, which is therefore adopted.

Clearly, it is not possible that translations, except perhaps in some very brief passages or isolated lines, should at all equal a truly poetic original. The thoughts and phrases, the idiomatic choice and collocation of language, which flowed from the first natural movements and impulses of mind, must needs be far more free, more felicitous, more genuinely adapted to their aim, than any foreign imitation is capable of being rendered.

Were the translator, therefore, much more gifted and competent than he is, still must defect and inferiority, on comparison with the originals, be unavoidably discovered.

They will appear most strongly to those, respectively, to whom the original languages are native; partly, perhaps, from a want of power to appreciate English composition; but chiefly from a perception of the refined and more recondite beauties of their own poets to which an Englishman cannot attain. When, for example, French critics extol the unequalled and inimitable qualities of the poetry of Racine—when his eulogist asks, “What divinity gave to him that most flexible and melodious diction which exerts such dominion over the soul and the ear;” the reference is no doubt to that kind of charm which none but a native ear and taste can fully estimate or enjoy.

It is pleasant to the writer to consider, that those who understand the originals will but find them the more excellent and beautiful, on account of any inadequacy observed in the versions.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

DEM ERLÖSER.

DER Seraph stammelt, und die Unendlichkeit
Bebt durch den Umkreis ihrer Gefilde nach
Dein hohes Lob, o Sohn! wer bin ich,
Dass ich mich auch in die Jubel dränge?

Vom Staube staub! Doch wohnt ein Unsterblicher
Von hoher Abkunft in den Verwesungen!
Und denkt Gedanken, dass Entzückung
Durch die erschütterte Nerve schauert!

Auch du wirst einmal mehr wie Verwesung seyn,
Der Seele Schatten, Hütte, von Erd' erbaut,
Und andrer Schauer Trunkenheiten
Werden dich dort, wo du schlummerst, wecken.

Der Leben Schauplatz, Feld, wo wir schlummerten,
Wo Adam's Enkel wird, was sein Vater war,
Als er sich jetzt der Schöpfung Armen
Jauchzend entriss, und ein Leben dastand!

O Feld vom Aufgang bis, wo sie untergeht
Der Sonnen letzte, heiliger Todter voll,
Wenn seh ich dich? wenn weint mein Auge
Unter den tausendmal tausend Thränen?

TO THE REDEEMER.

THE seraph falters, and the wide Infinite
Rocks thro' the utmost bound of her spheres, beneath
Thy lofty praise, O Son !—who àm I—
I !—to press into thy choir of triumph ?

From dust but dust ! and yet an immortal one
Of high descent amidst the corruption dwells ;
And thinks such thoughts, that inmost rapture
Through every tremulous nerve is showering !

Thou too wilt one day more than corruption be,
My soul's dim shade, quick-mouldering tenement ;
And other showers of whelming rapture
Shall from thy slumbering ruin wake thee !

O Stage of Life, vast field of the slumberers,
Where Adam's race shall be as their parent was,
When he from forth the embrace creative
Sprang, in the boon of life exulting !

O field from furthest east to the latest glow
Of the last sunset, fill'd with the sainted dead,—
When see I thee ; when mix my weeping
With thy ten thousand times ten thousand tear-drops ?

Des Schlafes Stunden, oder Jahrhunderte,
Fliesst schnell vorüber, fliesst, dass ich aufersteh !
Allein sie säumen, und ich bin noch
Diesseit am Grabe ! O helle Stunde,

Der Ruh Gespielin, Stunde des Todes, komm !
O du Gefilde, wo der Unsterblichkeit
Diess Leben reift, noch nie besuchter
Acker für ewige Saat, wo bist du ?

Lass mich dort hingehn, dass ich die Stäte seh,
Mit hingesenktem trunkenen Blick sie seh !
Der Erndte Blumen drüber streue,
Unter die Blumen mich leg', und sterbe !

Wunsch grosser Aussicht, aber nur Glücklichen,
Wenn du, die süsse Stunde der Seligkeit,
Da wir dich wünschen, kämst ; wer gliche
Dem, der alsdann mit dem Tode ränge ?

Dann mischt' ich kühner unter den Throngesang
Des Menschen Stimme, sänge dann heiliger
Den meine Seele liebt ! den Besten
Aller Gebornen, den Sohn des Vaters !

Doch lass mich leben, dass am erreichten Ziel
Ich sterbe ! Dass erst, wenn es gesungen ist
Das Lied von dir, ich triumphirend
Über das Grab den erhabnen Weg geh !

Fly swiftly, hours of sleep, or ye centuries !
Speed, speed, waft on the morn when I rise again !
Ah, they roll slowly, and I still wait
This side the grave ! O auspicious moment,

Come, bring repose ! Blest hour of departing, come !
And thou, O region where our mortality
Matures to life—O yet untraversed
Field of unwithering sheaves, where art thou ?

O why not thither hasten, the spot to view,
With downcast joy-inebriate glances gaze,
And flowers of harvest o'er it strewing,
Lay me amidst the flowers and die there !

O mighty wish, which none but the blessed ones
May fathom ! Cam'st thou, hour of beatitude,
When wish'd for, hither, who so happy
As he who strove with the mortal anguish ?

Then durst I boldly e'en in Heaven's chorus mix
A human strain ; then sing less unworthily
Whom my soul loveth, Him the chiefest,
Him the First-born, the Divine Messiah.

Yet let me live, that not till the goal is won
This breath may fail me ; not till the lay is sung,—
The lay of Thee. ¹ Then wing, my spirit,
Over the grave thy ascending triumph !

DEM ERLÖSER.

O du mein Meister, der du Gewaltiger
Die Gottheit lehrtest ! zeige die Wege mir,
Die du da gingst ! worauf die Seher,
Deine Verkündiger, Wonne sangen.

Dort ist es himmlisch ! Ach, aus der Ferne Nacht,
Folg' ich der Spur nach, welche du wandeltest :
Doch fällt von deiner Strahlenhöhe
Schimmer herab, und mein Auge sieht ihn.

Dann hebt mein Geist sich, dürstet nach Ewigkeit,
Nicht jener kurzen, die auf der Erde bleibt ;
Nach Palmen ringt er, die im Himmel
Für der Unsterblichen Rechte sprossen.

Zeig mir die Laufbahn, wo an dem fernen Ziel
Die Palme wehet ! Meinen erhabensten
Gedanken lehr ihn Hoheit ! Führe ihm
Wahrheiten zu, die es ewig bleiben !

Dass ich den Nachhall derer, die's ewig sind,
Den Menschen singe ! dass mein geweihter Arm
Vom Altar Gottes Flammen nehme !
Flammen in's Herz der Erlösten ströme !

KLOPSTOCK.

Oden. A.D. 1750.

O Thou my Master, who "with authority"
Spak'st of the Godhead, show Thou the path to me,
Thy glorious path, whereof the seers,
As thy own harbingers, sang rejoicing.

That, that points heavenward; but from what distant shades
I trace those steps, bright steps of thy majesty;
And yet from those thine heights of splendour
Falls a pure beam—to mine eye far-flowing.

Then soars my soul, then thirsts for eternity,—
Not that brief false one, which on this earth is prized;
She combats for the palm that Heaven
Gives for unperishing hands to gather.

Point, point the high career, at whose furthest goal
That palm is waving; give to my loftiest
Of thoughts thy own sublime; conduct them
Into the truths which abide for ever;

That I may echo their ever-during voice
To mortal ears, and, not with unhallow'd hand,
Take flame from God's empyreal altar
Into regenerate hearts to pour it.

¹ He refers to the poem of "The Messiah," then incomplete; which appears to have been first published as a whole twenty-three years later, in 1773.

DEM ALLGEGENWÄRTIGEN.

DA du mit dem Tode gerungen, mit dem Tode,
Heftiger du gebetet hattest,
Da dein Schweiss und dein Blut
Auf die Erde geronnen war ;

In dieser ernsten Stunde
Thatest du jene grosse Wahrheit kund,
Die Wahrheit seyn wird
So lang die Hütte der ewigen Seele Staub ist.

Du standest, und sprachst
Zu den Schlafenden :
Willig ist eure Seele,
Aber das Fleisch ist schwach !

Dieser Endlichkeit Loos, die Schwere der Erde
Fühlet auch meine Seele,
Wenn sie zu Gott, zu dem Unendlichen
Sich erheben will.

Anbetend, Vater, sink' ich in den Staub, und fleh,
Vernimm mein Flehn, die Stimme des Endlichen,
Gieb meiner Seel' ihr wahres Leben,
Dass sie zu dir sich, zu dir erhebe !

TO THE OMNIPRESENT.

WHEN thou wast wrestling in the grasp of death,
Intensest was thy prayer : the' extorted blood
With chilly drops the midnight earth bedew'd :

And that tremendous hour
Of anguish seal'd the gladdening truth sublime,
Which must be changeless still,
While souls are link'd with clay.

Thy gracious utterance then consoled
The slumberers :—"willing is the spirit indeed,
But weak the dying flesh."

And still this heavy load of earth,
This heritage of finite frailty here
My spirit burdens, while to the' Infinite
She would aspire, and reach
The one Omniscient All.

Father, I sink, adoring, in the dust ;
Hear Thou my prayer, a feeble suppliant's cry :
Give to my soul its true transcendent life,
That it may soar to Thee, the Lord most high.

Allgegenwärtig, Vater,
Schliessest du mich ein !
Steh hier, Betrachtung, still, und forsche
Diesem Gedanken der Wonne nach.

Was wird das Anschauen seyn, wenn der Gedank
an dich,
Allgegenwärtiger ! schon Kräfte jener Welt hat !
Was wird es seyn dein Anschauen,
Unendlicher, o du Unendlicher !

Das sah kein Auge, das hörte kein Ohr,
Das kam in keines Herz, wie sehr es auch rang,
Wie es auch nach Gott, nach Gott,
Nach dem Unendlichen dürstete ;

Kam es doch in keines Menschen Herz,
Nicht in das Herz dess, welcher Sünder
Und Erd' und bald ein Todter ist,
Was denen Gott, die ihn lieben, bereitet hat.

Wenige nur, ach wenige sind,
Deren Aug' in der Schöpfung
Den Schöpfer sieht ! wenige deren Ohr
Ihn in dem mächtigen rauschen des Sturmwindes hört,

Im Donner, der rollt, oder im lispelnden Bache,
Unerschaffner ! dich vernimmt ;

Yes, by Thee, all-present Father,
My whole being compass'd is :
Soul, in stillness muse, and ponder
That profoundest thought of bliss.

Say, what shall the celestial insight be ?
When these faint glimpses of our earthly thought,
O Omnipresent, fix'd on Thee,
Are with the power of endless life so fraught ?
What shall the radiant vision be,
O Infinite, of thy benignity !

This, this no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard,
Nor enter'd it man's heart, which sorely strove,
Thirsting for God the Lord,
The Holy boundless One.

No, not unto the heart of man it came,—
Into no frail transgressor's heart
Which sprang from earth and turns to earth again,
What things for those who love our Saviour God remain.

Few, few, alas ! are they
Whose eye in all creation doth behold
Him the Creator ; few whose ear
In the strong rushing storm-wind Him doth hear,

Or in loud thunder-peal, or rill soft murmuring,
Thee, Uncreated Lord, discern.

Weniger Herzen erfüllt, mit Ehrfurcht und Schauer,
Gottes Allgegenwart !

Lass mich im Heiligthume
Dich, Allgegenwärtiger,
Stets suchen, und finden ! und ist
Er mir entflohn, dieser Gedanke der Ewigkeit,

Lass mich ihn, tiefanbetend,
Von den Chören der Seraphim,
Ihn, mit lauten Thränen der Freude,
Herunter rufen !

Damit ich, dich zu schaun,
Mich bereite, mich weihe,
Dich zu schaun
In dem Allerheiligsten !

Ich hebe mein Aug' auf, und seh,
Und siehe der Herr ist überall !
Erd', aus deren Staube
Der Erste der Menschen geschaffen ward,

Auf der ich mein erstes Leben lebe,
In der ich verwesen werde,
Und auferstehen aus der !
Gott würdigt auch dich, dir gegenwärtig zu seyn.

Few hearts with awe and reverent wondering
Thine Omnipresence learn.

O let me in thy sanctuary
Thee, Omnipresent Father, Thee
Still seek and find ; and if the thought
Drawn from thy vast eternity
Sink in this grovelling mind to nought,

Still let my soul, Thee lowly worshipping
With tears of joy devout and true,
Call down from choirs of seraphim
That heavenly thought anew ;

So that, to gaze upon thy face divine,
Thou mayst make meet my soul, and consecrate ;
E'en Thee the Lord of all to contemplate
With open vision, in thy holiest shrine !

Where'er I fix my roaming eye,
Ne'er is thy sacred presence vainly sought ;
Earth from whose inert dust so wondrously
The fabric of our common sire was wrought,

Earth upon which my infant hours were pass'd,
In which my mouldering frame shall lie,
From which this self shall start revived at last,
On thee He deigns to dwell, the Holy and the High.

Mit heiligem Schauer,
Brech' ich die Blum' ab :
Gott machte sie,
Gott ist, wo die Blum' ist.

Mit heiligem Schauer, fühl' ich der Lüfte Wehn,
Hör' ich ihr Rauschen ! es hiess sie wehn und
rauschen
Der Ewige ! der Ewige
Ist, wo sie säuseln, und wo der Donnersturm die Ceder
stürzt.

Freue dich deines Todes, o Leib !
Wo du verwesen wirst,
Wird Er seyn,
Der Ewige !

Freue dich deines Todes, o Leib ! in den Tiefen der Schöpfung.
In den Höhn der Schöpfung, wird deine Trümmer verwehn !
Auch dort, verwester, verstäubter, wird Er seyn,
Der Ewige.

Die Höhen werden sich bücken !
Die Tiefen sich bücken,
Wenn der Allgegenwärtige nun
Wieder aus Staub Unsterbliche schafft.

With deep religious awe
I pluck the blooming flower :
The' Almighty hand hath framed it ; his own power
And presence which can ne'er withdraw,
Sustain, prolong its fragrant hour.

With deep and shuddering awe
I feel the vernal breeze,
And then the tempest's rush, moved by his wise decrees ;
His holy Presence gives the law
When Zephyr sighs, and when the storm's fierce blow
Lays the huge cedars low !

Frail flesh, in death rejoice !
There where thou moulderest,
Still shall thy Guardian be
He the Eternal !

Rejoice, frail form, in death, for through creation's deep,
And loftiest height, will thy lost relics float ;
There, with his guardian hand, each scatter'd mote
Shall He, the' Eternal, keep !

Those loftiest heights shall bow,
And that profoundest deep itself upraise,
When Thou, O Omnipresent, Thou,
Shalt marshal from the dust immortals, for thy praise.

Werfet die Palmen, vollendete ! nieder, und die
Kronen !

Halleluja dem Schaffenden,
Dem Tödtenden Halleluja !
Halleluja dem Schaffenden !

Ich hebe mein Aug' auf, und seh,
Und siehe der Herr ist überall !
Sonnen, euch, und o Erden, euch Monde der Erden,
Erfüllet, rings um mich, des Unendlichen Gegenwart !

Nacht der Welten, wie wir in dem dunkeln Worte schaun
Den, der Ewig ist !
So schaun wir in dir, geheimnissvolle Nacht,
Den, der Ewig ist !

Hier steh ich Erde ! was ist mein Leib,
Gegen diese selbst den Engeln unzählbare Welten,
Was sind diese selbst den Engeln unzählbare Welten,
Gegen meine Seele !

Ihr, der Unsterblichen, ihr, der Erlösten
Bist du näher als den Welten !
Denn sie denken, sie fühlen
Deine Gegenwart nicht.

Mit stillem Ernste dank ich dir,
Wenn ich sie denke !

Cast, ye perfected, your palms,
And your crowns before Him lay ;
Tune your Hallelujah psalms
To the Lord, who lent you breath,
And who led you down to death,
But took death's sting away !

I lift mine eyes, and lo ! in darkest shades,
And in the dazzling light, our Lord abides :
Suns, earths, and moons his power pervades,
And in void ether's gulf Jehovah's might presides.

O night of worlds,—while in his word we see—
Yet “ darkly, as in a glass ”—the' Eternal One,
E'en thus, O all-mysterious Night, through thee
Shines the dim gleaming of that vital sun.

Here stand I, child of earth ; and what my frame,
To worlds whose number angels may not guess ?
Yet what those worlds by angels numberless
Compared with this my soul which from his essence came ?

Yes, Lord, to her, the' immortal, the redeem'd,
Nearer Thou art than to those radiant orbs :
For worlds of lifeless matter ne'er have dream'd
Of that bright Presence here which now her thought absorbs.

With silent fervour yield I thanks to Thee,
That to my soul Thou dost thyself reveal ;

Mit Freudenthränen, mit namloser Wonne,
Dank' ich, o Vater ! dir, wenn ich sie fühle !

Augenblicke deiner Erbarmungen,
O Vater, sinds, wenn du das himmelvolle Gefühl
Deiner Allgegenwart
Mir in die Seele ströms.

Ein solcher Augenblick,
Allgegenwärtiger,
Ist ein Jahrhundert
Voll Seligkeit !

Meine Seele dürstet !
Wie nach der Auferstehung gedorrtes Gebein,
So dürstet meine Seele
Nach diesen Augenblicken deiner Erbarmungen !

Ich liege vor dir auf meinem Angesicht ;
O läg' ich, Vater, noch tiefer vor dir,
Gebückt in dem Staube
Der untersten der Welten !

Du denkst, du empfindest,
O du, die seyn wird,
Die höher denken,
Die seliger wird empfinden !

With tearful speechless ecstasy
I thank thee, Lord, that I thy hallow'd influence feel.

Blest moments of thy tender mercy those,
O Father, when the heavenly feeling
Of thine own Omnipresence flows
Into this heart, in silence stealing.

One moment where thy gracious presence shines,
Transcends an age of earthly good :
My spirit for such favour'd instants pines
As the dry bones that thirst and pine for life renew'd.

Prostrate in self-abasement, Lord, I fall :
Would that I might still lowlier sink than this,
Bow'd down in the profoundest dust of all,
In nature's nethermost abyss.

Thou thinkest, feelest, O my soul,
And ceaseless life remains for thee.
More high thy thoughts as ages roll,
More blest shall thine emotions be !

O die du anschaun wirst !
Durch wen, o meine Seele ?
Durch den, unsterbliche,
Der war ! und der ist ! und der seyn wird !

Du, den Worte nicht nennen,
Deine noch ungeschaute Gegenwart
Erleucht', und erhebe jeden meiner Gedanken !
Leit ihn, Unerschaffner, zu dir !

Deiner Gottheit Gegenwart
Entflamm', und beflügle
Jede meiner Empfindungen !
Leite sie, Unerschaffner, zu dir !

Wer bin ich, O Erster !
Und wer bist du !
Stärke, kräftige, gründe mich,
Dass ich auf ewig dein sey !

Ohn' ihn, der mich gelehrt, sich geopfert hat
Für mich, könnt' ich nicht dein seyn !
Ohn' ihn wär der Gedanke deiner Gegenwart
Grauen mir vor dem allmächtigen Unbekannten !

O thou that shalt the glorious Vision see,
By whom canst thou behold that changeless sun ?
E'en by Himself alone, the' Eternal One
Who ever was, who is, and must for ever be !

Thou, whose transcendent majesty
Man's weakness uttereth not,
Let thy all-present Deity,
Which he beholdeth not,
My thoughts illumine, my whole soul elate,
And fix upon Thyself "bright Essence increate !"

Let thy all-holy Presence lend
A wingèd ardour, till my soul ascend
By thine inspiring strength made free,
O Uncreated One, to Thee !

Lord, what is man ! unholy and infirm :
—And what thy primal sanctity divine !
Guard, fortify, confirm
Thy feeble mortal worm,
And make me, gracious God, for ever thine !

Yet thine, O glorious King,
In filial peace and hope I ne'er could be,
Save by thy word of grace and priceless Offering :
Without these, must thy awful sovereignty
O'erwhelming terrors bring.

Erd' und Himmel vergehn;
Deine Verheissungen, Göttlicher, nicht!
Von dem ersten Gefallenen an
Bis zu dem letzten Erlösten,

Den die Posaune der Auferstehung
Wandeln wird,
Bist bey den Deinen du gewesen!
Wirst du bey den Deinen seyn!

In die Wunden deiner Hände legt' ich meine Finger
nicht:
In die Wunde deiner Seite
Legt' ich meine Hand nicht;
Aber du bist mein Herr, und mein Gott!

KLOPSTOCK.

Oden. A.D. 1758.

Earth and heaven will soon have vanish'd ;
But thy promise ne'er can fall.
From the first by sin once banish'd
To the last whom grace shall call,

Whom the trump of God inspiring
Shall with glorious life invest,
Hast Thou been thy children's Refuge,
Wilt be their eternal Rest !

Into thy wounded side I cannot thrust
My hand, nor touch the sacred prints in thine ;
Yet with deep faith and love will I confess
Thee for my Lord, my God, my Righteousness,
Saviour for ever mine !

DAS ANSCHAUEN GOTTES.

ZITTERND freu ich mich,
Und würd' es nicht glauben ;
Wäre der grosse Verheisser
Nicht der Ewige !

Denn ich weiss es, ich fühl es :
Ich bin ein Sünder !
Wüsst' es, und fühlt' es,
Wenn auch das Gotteslicht

Heller mir meine Flecken nicht zeigte ;
Vor meinen weiseren Blicken
Nicht enthüllte
Meiner verwundeten Seele Gestalt.

Mit gesunkenem Knie,
Mit tiefanbetendem Staunen,
Freu ich mich !
Ich werde Gott schaun !

Forsch ihm nach, dem göttlichsten Gedanken,
Den du zu denken vermagst,
O die du näher stets des Leibes Grabe,
Aber ewig bist !

THE VISION OF GOD.

I JOY, but tremblingly ;
Nor could believe ;
Were not the Promiser
He the Eternal, who cannot deceive.

For conscience owns and feels
Guilt in his sight,
Nay, could not tranquil be
E'en if God's light

Had not illumined it
Clearly to trace
Stains which my spirit defile and abase.

But with low-bended knee,
Deeply adoring,
Pardons imploring,
Still my amazement and joy must it be,
That I at last my Redeemer shall see !

O search for Him ; the holiest mystery,
On which thy awe-struck soul can think !
Thou, whose frail form descends to death's lone brink,
In Him shalt deathless be !

Nicht, dass du wagtest
Zu gehn in das Allerheiligste !
Viel unüberdachte, nie gepriesene, nie gefeierte
Himmlische Gnaden sind in dem Heiligthume.

Aus der Ferne nur, nur einen gemilderten Schimmer,
Damit ich nicht sterbe !
Einen für mich durch Erdenacht gemilderten Schimmer
Deiner Herrlichkeit seh ich.

Wie gross war der, der beten durfte :
Hab' ich Gnade vor Dir gefunden, so lass mich
Deine Herrlichkeit sehn !
So zum Unendlichen beten durft', und erhört ward !

In das Land des Golgatha kam er nicht !
An ihm rächt' es ein früherer Tod ;
Das er einmal, nur einmal Gott nicht traute !
Wie gross zeigt ihn selbst die Strafe !

Ihn verbarg der Vater in eine Nacht des Berges,
Als vor dem Endlichen vorüberging des Sohnes Herrlichkeit
Als die Posaun' auf Sinai schwieg,
Und die Stimme der Donner ! als Gott von Gott sprach !

Uneingehüllt durch Nacht,
In eines Tages Lichte,
Das keine Schatten sichtbar machen,
Schauet er nun, so halten wirs, Jahrhunderte schon ;

Not that thou durst, as yet, within
That home celestial enter or abide :
Joys unconceived, unsolemnised,
That home celestial yet awhile must hide.

Only from far I hail a milder gleam,
Softened, that thus I may not die,
And, midst earth's night, the fainter beam
Of thy pure glories may my soul descry.

How great the prophet was, that dared implore
“ I do beseech Thee, Lord, to show me here
Thy glory ! ”—and the God whom saints adore
To faith's bold suit inclined his gracious ear.

Yet to the land of promise came he not,
The hand divine his mystic tomb conceal'd ;
Once, only once, his God he trusted not ;
But still, how great the Seer, that mystic doom reveal'd.

Him had the Father in the rock-clift veil'd,
While the Son's “ Brightness ” all his spirit awed ;
While paused dread Sinai's trump, nor longer peal'd
Its direful thunders ; for God spake of God.

Now not enwrapt in night's dark pall,
But in supernal light,
Far from our changeful shadows' flight,
He gazes through what mortals ages call,

Ausser den Schranken der Zeit,
Ohn' Empfindung des Augenblicks,
Dem der Augenblick folgt, schauet er nun
Deine Herrlichkeit, Heiliger ! Heiliger ! Heiliger

Namloseste Wonne meiner Seele,
Gedanke des künftigen Schauns !
Du bist meine grosse Zuversicht,
Du bist der Fels, auf dem ich steh, und gen Himmel schaue

Wenn die Schrecken der Sünde,
Des Todes Schrecken
Fürchterlich drohn,
Mich niederzustürzen !

Auf diesem Felsen, o du,
Den nun die Todten Gottes schau,
Lass mich stehn, wenn die Allmacht
Des unbezwingbaren Todes mich ringsum einschliesst.

Erheb', o meine Seele, dich über die Sterblichkeit,
Blick auf, und schau ; und du wirst strahlenvoll
Des Vaters Klarheit
In Jesus Christus Antlitz schau !

Hosianna ! hosianna ! die Fülle der Gottheit
Wohnt in dem Menschen Jesus Christus !
Kaum schallet der Cherubim Harfe noch, sie bebt !
Kaum tönet ihre Stimme noch, sie zittert, sie zittert !

Beyond the bounds of time,
And lapse of moments in this earthly clime ;
Still gazes on the Eternal Sun
Upon the Holy, Holy, Holy One !

Ineffable joy of my soul,
High thoughts of that vision serene,
Immutable Rock of my hope,
On which, ever trusting, I lean,

When the burden and anguish of sin,
When death's stern and pitiless frown,
Appal me and menace my soul,
And strike in despondency down,

Still on that moveless Rock, O Thou
Whom all that sleep in Jesus now behold,
Give me to stand, when in the grasp
Of irresistible death my heart grows cold !

O lift thee, then, o'er this mortality,
My soul, and gaze ! so shalt thou radiantly
The Father's manifested Brightness see
In thy Redeemer's majesty !

Hosanna, hosanna ; the fulness of Godhead
Shines forth, all-effulgent, in Jesus the Lord ;
Audible scarce are the harps of the cherubim,
Trembling and faltering his love they record :

Hosianna ! Hosianna !
Die Fülle der Gottheit
Wohnt in dem Menschen
Jesus Christus !

Selbst damals, da einer der Gottesstrahlen auf unsere Welt,
Jene Blutweissagung heller leuchtet', erfüllt ward,
Da er verachtet, und elend war,
Als kein anderer Mensch verachtet und elend war ;

Erblickten die Sterblichen nicht,
Aber die Cherubim,
Des Vaters Klarheit
In dem Angesichte des Sohns !

Ich seh, ich sehe den Zeugen !
Sieben entsetzliche Mitternächte
Hatt' er gezweifelt, mit der Schmerzen bängsten
Anbetend gerungen !

Ich seh ihn !
Ihm erscheint der Auferstandne !
Seine Hände leget er in des Göttlichen Wunden !
Himmel und Erde vergehen um ihn !

Hosanna, hosanna, the fulness of Godhead
Dwells ever, unveilèd, in Jesus the Lord.

E'en then, when heaven his bleeding love predicted,
The one oblation, and the purchased bliss,
When, stricken, bruised, despised, afflicted,
There was no sorrow like to his,

E'en then—not mortals yet—
But wondering seraphs trace
The Father's Brightness increate
In the Redeemer's face.

I see, I see, the wavering witness comes ;
Through seven appalling midnights of suspense
He doubted ; but yet struggling with despair
Still pray'd, and mercy heard him thence.

I mark him, his risen Redeemer appears ;
He puts forth his hand to the scars of his Lord ;
This earth and these heavens are lost to his view,
For he seeth the Father in Jesus the Lord :

Er sieht die Klarheit des Vaters im Angesichte des
Sohns !

Ich hör', ich hör' ihn ! er ruft,
Himmel und Erde vergehen um ihm ! er ruft
Mein Herr ! und mein Gott !

KLOPSTOCK.

Oden. A.D. 1759.

I hear him, I hear him, his voice flies abroad ;
A witness to millions, a witness to me,
In transport exclaiming—

“ My Lord, and my God ! ”

DIE FRÜHLINGSFEYER.

NICHT in den Ozean der Welten alle
Will ich mich stürzen ! schweben nicht,
Wo die ersten Erschaffnen, die Jubelchöre der Söhne des
Lichts,
Anbeten, tief anbeten ! und in Entzückung vergehn !

Nur um den Tropfen am Eimer,
Um die Erde nur, will ich schweben, und anbeten !
Halleluja ! Halleluja ! Der Tropfen am Eimer
Rann aus der Hand des Allmächtigen auch !

Da der Hand des Allmächtigen
Die grösseren Erden entquollen !
Die Ströme des Lichts rauschten, und Siebengestirne wurden.
Da entrannest du, Tropfen, der Hand des Allmächtigen !

Da ein Strom des Lichts rauscht', und unsre Sonne wurde !
Ein Wogensturz sich stürzte wie vom Felsen
Der Wolk' herab und den Orion gürtete,
Da entrannest du, Tropfen, der Hand des Allmächtigen !

Wer sind die tausendmal tausend, wer die Myriaden alle,
Welche den Tropfen bewohnen, und bewohnten ? und wer
bin ich ?

THE SPRING FESTIVAL.

Not midst the ocean of revolving worlds
Shall my too venturous spirit dive or soar,
Where, in ecstatic jubilee,
The first-born sons of light adore.

Round this one drop alone,
This trembling drop in nature's boundless vase,
This pendent earth, still hovering, will I praise
His name, at whose command
The trembling drop flow'd from his sovereign hand.

When from thy plastic hand, Almighty Lord,
The greater orbs more radiant sprang,
When rush'd the Pleiades in light-streams forth,
On that creative hand, thou, terrene drop, didst hang.

When gleam'd the light-flood, (and our sun forth shone,)
And, like bright cataract from its mountain throne,
Sparkling roll'd on, and girt with dazzling zone
Thy disk, Orion; then this drop, call'd earth,
Flow'd from the mighty hand that gave creation birth.

Who are the thousand thousands that have lived
In this terrestrial drop? and who am I?

Halleluja dem Schaffenden ! mehr wie die Erden, die quollen !
Mehr, wie die Siebengestirne, die aus Strahlen zusammen-
strömten !

Aber du Frühlingswürmchen,
Das grünlich golden neben mir spielt,
Du lebst ; und bist vielleicht
Ach nicht unsterblich !

Ich bin heraus gegangen anzubeten,
Und ich weine ? Vergieb, vergieb
Auch diese Thräne dem Endlichen,
O Du, der seyn wird !

Du wirst die Zweifel alle mir enthüllen,
O Du, der mich durch das dunkle Thal
Des Todes führen wird ! Ich lerne dann,
Ob eine Seele das goldene Würmchen hatte.

Bist du nur gebildeter Staub,
Sohn des Mays, so werde denn
Wieder verfliegender Staub,
Oder was sonst der Ewige will !

Ergeuss von neuem du, mein Auge,
Freudenthränen !
Du, meine Harfe,
Preise den Herrn !

Glory to Him that form'd us—more than worlds,
More than the starry orbs where streaming light converg'd.

But thou, fair tiny flutterer of the spring,
Who sport'st on green and golden wing,
Thou livest too, yet—it, alas! may be—
Liv'st not immortally !

I have come forth thy goodness to adore,
And do I weep ?—Forgive, forgive,
O Thou in whom alone immortals live,
The tear that finite weakness still must pour.

Thou wilt one day the doubt unveil,
O Thou that down the shadowy vale
Of death shalt lead me—if this insect, drest
In green and gold, a soul possess'd !

Art thou but frail organic dust,
Bright son of May? Still float again,
And hover thro' the aërial plain,
O beauteous, volatile dust,
Or what eternal power may else ordain !

Pour forth anew, mine eye, delightsome tears ;
My harp, thy Maker praise ;
New-wreath'd with palms, my joyous harp,
Pour to the Great Supreme thy tuneful lays !

Umwunden wieder, mit Palmen
Ist meine Harf' umwunden ! ich singe dem Herrn !
Hier steh ich. Rund um mich
Ist alles Allmacht ! und Wunder alles !

Mit tiefer Ehrfurcht schau ich die Schöpfung an
Denn Du,
Namenloser, Du !
Schufest sie !

Lüfte, die um mich wehn, und sanfte Kühlung
Auf mein glühendes Angesicht hauchen,
Euch, wunderbare Lüfte,
Sandte der Herr ! der Unendliche !

Aber jetzt werden sie still, kaum athmen sie.
Die Morgensonne wird schwül !
Wolken strömen herauf !
Sichtbar ist, der kommt, der Ewige !

Nun schweben sie, rauschen sie, wirbeln die Winde.
Wie beugt sich der Wald ! wie hebt sich der Strom !
Sichtbar, wie du es Sterblichen seyn kannst,
Ja, das bist du, sichtbar, Unendlicher !

Der Wald neigt sich, der Strom fliehet, und ich
Falle nicht auf mein Angesicht ?
Herr ! Herr ! Gott ! barmherzig und gnädig !
Du Naher ! erbarme dich meiner !

Here as I rove, round all my way,
I hail Almightiness in wonders still;
And still with deepest awe the scene survey,
O Searchless One, the product of thy will!

You airs that gently wave aloft,
Which to my glowing brow your coolness lend;
You, wondrous airs, so pure, so soft,
The Lord, the Infinite, hath deign'd to send.

Then—scarcely breathes the moveless air,
And sultry shines the noon-tide beam;
The gathering tempest-clouds upstream,
Dark symbols of thy sovereign Presence there!

Rush now the whirling winds on high!
How bends the forest, and how heaves the flood!
Seen, dimly as it may by mortal eye,
Seen is thy mighty hand, Thou only Great and Good!

The forests bow, the torrent flees—and I—
Shall I not prostrate fall?
O God of condescending majesty,
All present Lord, have mercy when I call!

Zürnest du, Herr,
Weil Nacht dein Gewand ist?
Diese Nacht ist Segen der Erde.
Vater, du zürnest nicht !

Sie kommt, Erfrischung auszuschütten,
Über den stärkenden Halm !
Über die herzerfreuende Traube !
Vater, du zürnest nicht !

Alles ist still vor dir, du Naher !
Rings umher ist alles still !
Auch das Würmchen mit Golde bedeckt, merkt auf !
Ist es vielleicht nicht seelenlos ? ist es unsterblich ?

Ach, vermöcht' ich dich, Herr, wie ich dürste, zu preisen !
Immer herrlicher offenbarest Du dich !
Immer dunkler wird die Nacht um dich,
Und voller von Segen !

Seht ihr den Zeugen des Nahen, den zückenden Strahl ?
Hört ihr Jehova's Donner ?
Hört ihr ihn ? hört ihr ihn,
Den erschütternden Donner des Herrn ?

Almighty—art Thou wroth,
When the dark storm is thus thy awful vest ?
No ; by the lowering storm our thirsty earth is blest,
Father, Thou art not wroth !

Yes, it falls, refreshment pouring
On the strength-imparting ear,
On the heart-reviving cluster !
Father, Thou art not severe :
Lo, thy mercies crown the year !

Now all is calm, and Thou art ever nigh ;
From the clear heaven the storm hath roll'd,
And the stern blast is dumb !
Mark the poor flutterer deck'd in gold :
Is it, then, soulless ? or shall Love unfold
In *it*, even *it*, a joyous life to come ?

Ah, might I praise Thee to my utmost will,
Who still thy glory unveilest more, yet more,
Round whom mysterious clouds are darkening still ;
Yet still e'en these more copious blessings pour.

See ye the witness of the present Lord,
The keen and quivering flame ?
Hear ye the pealing thunder's dire accord ?
Amidst heaven's fierce artillery be adored
The' unutterable Name !

Herr ! Herr ! Gott !
Barmherzig, und gnädig !
Angebetet, gepriesen
Sey dein herrlicher Name !

Und die Gewitterwinde ? sie tragen den Donner !
Wie sie rauschen ! wie sie mit lauter Woge den Wald
durchströmen !
Und nun schweigen sie. Langsam wandelt
Die schwarze Wolke.

Seht ihr den neuen Zeugen des Nahen, den fliegenden
Strahl ?
Höret ihr hoch in der Wolke den Donner des Herrn ?
Er ruft : Jehova ! Jehova !
Und der geschmetterte Wald dampft !

Aber nicht unsre Hütte !
Unser Vater gebot
Seinem Verderber,
Vor unsrer Hütte vorüberzugehn !

Ach, schon rauscht, schon rauscht
Himmel, und Erde vom gnädigen Regen !
Nun ist, wie düstete sie ! die Erd' erquickt,
Und der Himmel des Segenfüll' entlastet !

The storm-wind bears those thunders on,
Loud murmuring in their cloudy car :
Then all is hush'd ; and slowly gone
The sable massy cloud afar.

Mark the new token of Jehovah's hand ;
Once more the lightning's forked brand !
Hark, the redoubling peal that broke
From the rent heaven ; the' Almighty spoke,
And see before his touch the woodland mountains smoke !

But not our lowly roof :—
Our Father's guardian eye
Hath bidden for our behoof,
His lightning's sword, his dire reproof,
The lowly cot pass by !

Now softly gushes from the skies,
In air, on earth, his gentle rain :
The parching land it fructifies,
The heaven, unladen, smiles again.

Siehe, nun kommt Jehova nicht mehr im Wetter,
In stillem, sanftem Säuseln
Kommt Jehova,
Und unter ihm neigt sich der Bogen des Friedens !

KLOPSTOCK.

Oden. A.D. 1759.

His gracious mandate bade the tempest cease ;
Now breathes his kindness in the genial gale ;
And spreads across the smiling dale
His brilliant arch of peace.

PSALM.

UM Erden wandeln Monde,
Erden um Sonnen,
Allen Sonnen Heere wandeln
Um eine grosse Sonne :
“ Vater unser, der du bist im Himmel ! ”

Auf allen diesen Welten, leuchtenden, und erleuchteten,
Wohnen Geister an Kräften ungleich, und an Leibern ;
Aber alle denken Gott, und freuen sich Gottes.
“ Geheiliget werde dein Name.”

Er, der Hoherhabene,
Der allein ganz sich denken,
Seiner ganz sich freuen kann,
Machte den tiefen Entwurf
Zur Seligkeit aller seiner Weltbewohner.
“ Zu uns komme dein Reich.”

PSALM.*

MOONS around their planets roll,
Planets round their suns ;
All the host of suns revolve
Round one mighty sun :
Thee, “ Our Father,” thee, “ who art in heaven ! ”

Upon all those worlds that pour
Light abroad, or drink the beam,
Spirits dwell of diverse powers,
And in diverse forms array'd :
But they meditate on God,
They rejoice in Thee :
“ Hallowed be thy Name ! ”

He, Most High, who can alone
Thoroughly contemplate Himself,
And in Himself rejoice ;
He conceived the scheme profound
For the weal of creature minds.—
Let “ thy kingdom come ! ”

* This ode was set to music, and sung at the ceremonial of the poet's public funeral, March 22, 1803 ; when more than a hundred musicians from Hamburg, and many singers, united in the performance of it.

Wohl ihnen, dass nicht sie, dass Er
Ihr Jetziges, und ihr Zukünftiges ordnete,
Wohl ihnen, wohl !
Und wohl auch uns !
“ Dein Wille gescheh ;
Wie im Himmel, also auch auf Erden.”

Er hebt mit dem Halme die Ähr' empor ;
Reifet den goldnen Apfel, die Purpurtraube ;
Weidet am Hügel das Lamm, das Reh im Walde ;
Aber sein Donner rollet auch her,
Und die Schlosse zerschmettert es
Am Halme, am Zweig', an dem Hügel, und im Walde !
“ Unser tägliches Brodt gieb uns heute.”

Ob wohl hoch über des Donners Bahn
Sünder auch, und Sterbliche sind ?
Dort auch der Freund zum Feinde wird ?
Der Freund im Tode sich trennen muss ?
“ Vergieb uns unsere Schuld,
Wie wir vergeben unseren Schuldigern.”

Gesonderte Pfade gehen zum hohen Ziel,
Zu der Glückseligkeit !
Einige krümmen sich durch Einöden,

Well for them that He, not they,
Once ordain'd their present lot,
And decreed their future too ;
Well for them, and well for us :
Let " thy will be done,
As in highest heaven
So on earth fulfill'd ! "

He lifts the stalk and golden ear,
Matures the orange and the purple grape,
Pastures the mountain lamb, the forest roe ;
But yet his thunders roll,
And the fierce hailstones work his ire
Upon the stalk and spray,
The hills and forest paths :
" Give us this day our daily bread."

Yet, high above the storm's career
Are not transgressors, mortals found ?
And do not friends oft hostile prove ?
And does not death the kindest sever ?
" Forgive our trespasses,
As we would those who us offend forgive."

Differing paths conduct the pilgrims
Toward the goal of happiness :
Some wind cheerless through the desert,

Doch selbst an diesen sprosst es von Freuden auf,
Und labet den Durstenden.

“Fuhr’ uns nicht in Versuchung,
Sondern erlös’ uns vom Übel.”

Anbetung dir, der die grosse Sonne
Mit Sonnen, und Erden, und Monden umgab ;
Der Geister erschuf ;
Ihre Seligkeit ordnete ;
Die Ähre hebt ;
Der dem Tode ruft ;
Zum Ziele durch Einöden führt, und den Wanderer labt.
Anbetung dir !
“Denn dein ist das Reich, und die Macht,
Und die Herrlichkeit. Amen.”

KLOPSTOCK.

Oden. A.D. 1789.

Yet e'en there doth gladness blossom,
Solacing the thirsty one !

“ Lead us not into temptation,
But from ill deliver us ! ”

Unto Him be adoration
Who the mighty sun encompass'd
With suns, earths, and satellites ;
Who the spirits hath created,
And ordain'd their blessedness ;
Who hath form'd the golden grain ;
Who commands the bolt of death ;
Who through deserts cheers the wanderer

To the goal of joy.

Adoration unto Thee :

“ Thine the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory, Amen ! ”

DER ERBARMER.

O BEWUNDERUNG, Gottes Bewunderung,
Meine Seligkeit !

Nein ! wenn sie nur bewundert,
Hebt sich die Seele zu schwach !

Erstaunen ! himmelfliegendes Erstaunen !
Über den, der unendlich ist !
O du der Seligkeiten Höchste,
Überströme du meine ganze Seele

Mit deinem heiligen Feuer !
Und lass sie, du Seligkeit,
So oft, und so hoch die Endliche kann,
Aufflammen in Entzückungen !

Du warest ! du bist ! wirst seyn ! du bist ! wie soll ich dich
denken ?

Meine Seele stehet still, erreicht es nicht !
Vater ! Vater ! so soll meine Seele dich denken,
Dich empfinden mein Herz, meine Lippe dich stammeln.

Vater ! Vater ! Vater !
Fallt nieder, betet an, ihr Himmel der Himmel !
Er ist euer Vater !
Unser Vater auch !

THE MERCIFUL ONE.

O WONDER, wonder quite divine,
My promis'd blessedness !
Wonder !—too faint, too weak that word,
The exultant hope to' express.

Amazement ! which the heaven outsoars,
At boundless love in boundless might !—
O sovereign source of highest bliss,
O'erwhelm me in thy pure delight !

With thine all-holy fire baptize,
Fountain of ceaseless joys on high !
And give me—if the finite may—
To' upflame in hallow'd ecstasy !

How can my spirit grasp thy Name,
Who art, who wast, who art to be !
It sinks from that dark altitude :
O 'tis as, Father, Father, I must think of Thee !

Then glows my heart—my faltering lips
Their filial cry, “ My Father, Father ! ” pour.
Fall prostrate, all ye heavens of heavens,
Your Father God, and ours, adore !

O ihr, die einst mit der Himmel Bewohnern
Erstaunen werden !

Wandelt forschend in diesem Labyrinth der Wonne,
Denn Jehova redet !

Zwar durch den rollenden Donner auch,
Durch den fliegenden Sturm, und durch sanftes Säuseln ;
Aber erforschlicher, daurender,
Durch die Sprache der Menschen.

Der Donner verhallt, der Sturm braust weg, das Säuseln
verweht,
Mit langen Jahrhunderten strömt die Sprache der Menschen
fort,
Und verkündiget jeden Augenblick,
Was Jehova geredet hat !

Bin ich am Grabe noch ? oder schon über dem Grabe ?
Hab' ich den himmlischen Flug schon gethan ?
O Worte des ewigen Lebens !
Also redet Jehova :

Kann die Mutter vergessen ihres Säuglings,
Das sie sich nicht über den Sohn ihres Leibes erbarme ?
Vergässe sie sein ;
Ich will dein nicht vergessen !

Preis, Anbetung, und Freudenthränen, und ewiger Dank,
Für die Unsterblichkeit !

O ye that one day with celestial hosts
Shall mingle your astonish'd lays,
Begin, while now Jehovah speaks,
To' explore the circling labyrinth of praise !

True, God hath spoken in the thunder's voice,
In the wild storm, and gently breathing gale ;
But in our human words more durably ;
While nature's inarticulate voices fail.

Thunder, and storm, and whisp'ring gale are hush'd :
But through long ages human speech survives ;
And as our gliding moments swiftly roll,
The word Jehovah spake our fainting hearts revives.

Is it within the tomb his voice I hear ?
Or have I pass'd beyond, with heavenly flight ?
O word of life unending, priceless sound !
Thus spake Jehovah thro' our mortal night !

“ Say, can a mother her fond babe forget,
And cease her bosom's nursling to defend ?
Yea, even a mother may ; but yet, but yet
Ne'er will I Thee forget ; my mercies ne'er shall end ! ”

Adoring tears of gladness, ardent praise
For the vast promise of a Father's love :

Heisser, inniger herzlicher Dank
Für die Unsterblichkeit !

Halleluja im Heiligthume !
Und jenseit des Vorhangs
In dem Allerheiligsten Halleluja !
Denn so hat Jehova geredet !

Wirf zu dem tiefsten Erstaunen dich nieder,
O du, die unsterblich ist ;
Geneuss, o Seele deine Seligkeit !
Denn so hat Jehova geredet !

KLOPSTOCK.

Oden. A.D. 1759.

All fervent, inmost, endless thanksgiving
For the bright hope of endless bliss above !

Hallelujah in the heavens,
High within the mystic veil !
Hallelujah in the holiest !—
Ne'er Jehovah's truth can fail.

Deeper in amazement fall,
Grasp his mercy's glorious token,
Trust his love and taste his bliss ;
For the Lord of life hath spoken !

DEM UNENDLICHEN.

Wie erhebt sich das Herz, wenn es dich,
Unendlicher, denkt! wie sinkt es,
Wenns auf sich herunterschaut!
Elend schauts wehklagend dann, und Nacht und Tod!

Allein du rufst mich aus meiner Nacht, der im Elend, der
im Tod hilft!
Dann denk ich es ganz, dass du ewig mich schufst,
Herrlicher! den kein Preis, unten am Grab', oben am Thron,
Herr Herr Gott! den dankend entflammt, kein Jubel genug
besingt.

Weht, Bäume des Lebens, ins Harfengetön!
Rausche mit ihnen ins Harfengetön, krystallner Strom!
Ihr lispelt, und rauscht, und, Harfen, ihr tönt
Nie es ganz! Gott ist es, den ihr preist!

Donnert, Welten, in feyerlichem Gang, in der Posaunen
Chor!
Du Orion, Wage, du auch!
Tönt' all' ihr Sonnen auf der Strasse voll Glanz,
In der Posaunen Chor!

TO THE INFINITE.

How soars this labouring spirit, while it thinks,
O boundless Lord, of Thee !
How low midst earth and littleness it sinks
When it descends to me ;
To self, and sorrow's night, and brief mortality !

Yet dost thou call me hence, Saviour, from woe and death !
To endless life, thy boon, my earnest soul aspires !
But who can praise Thee ? What created breath ?
What grateful ardours ? What seraphic fires ?

Wave, trees of life, in harp-like harmonies ;
Life's crystal river, glide in soft accord ;
But not heaven's mingled anthem can suffice
To adore Thee Infinite, our God the Lord !

Thunder his praise, ye worlds of light ;
Ye radiant orbs, his glories tell ;
Shout, countless spheres that gild the night ;
O trump of God, the chorus swell !

Ihr Welten, donnert
Und du, der Posaunen Chor, hallest
Nie es ganz, Gott ; nie es ganz, Gott,
Gott, Gott ist es, den ihr preist !

KLOPSTOCK.

Oden. A.D. 1764.

But not the' adoring tones of bliss that stream
From heaven's ethereal height,
Can half attain their awful glorious theme,
Our God—the Infinite !

DER TOD.

O ANBLICK der Glanznacht, Sternheere,
Wie erhebt ihr ! Wie entzückst du, Anschauung,
Der herrlichen Welt ! Gott Schöpfer !
Wie erhaben bist du, Gott Schöpfer !

Wie freut sich des Emporschauns zum Sternheer, wer
empfindet
Wie gering er, und wer Gott, welch ein Staub er, und wer
Gott
Sein Gott ist ! O sey dann, Gefühl
Der Entzückung, wenn auch ich sterbe, mit mir !

Was erschreckst du denn so, Tod, des beladnen Schlaf ?
O bewölke den Genuss himmlischer Freude nicht mehr !
Ich sink' in den Staub, Gottes Saat ! was schreckst
Den Unsterblichen du, täuschender Tod ?

Mit hinab, o mein Leib, denn zur Verwesung !
In ihr Thal sanken hinab die Gefallnen
Vom Beginn her ! mit hinab, o mein Staub,
Zur Heerschaar, die entschlief !

KLOPSTOCK.
Oden. A.D. 1764.

DEATH.

O VISION of the night, ye starry throng,
Your glance exalts me : with what joy I gaze
On the bright hosts that to my God belong,
And wait his grandeur's uncreated blaze
Who counts the shining orbs, who kindled all their rays.

Shall he not joy to view that host, who feels
How transient life, and knows what God hath wrought ?
To whom, though clothed in dust, that God reveals
Himself *his* God ? O high and rapturous thought,
Be with me when to death's untravell'd margin brought !

Why scare us, death—the burden'd pilgrim's sleep ?
Why cloud the glimpse of joys that cannot fade ?
I sink in dust, but God that dust shall keep ;
Why fright the deathless—dark illusive shade ?
The heir of heavenly life should meet thee undismay'd.

Drop, fragile form, to moulder : one by one
Our fallen race thus sink since first they fell ;
But o'er death's shadows beams the' immortal Sun :
Who sleep in Him shall wake with Him to dwell,
And that celestial noon all dread of Death dispel.

DIE ZUKUNFT.

HIMMLISCHER Ohr hört das Getön der Bewegten
Sterne ; den Gang, den Seleno and Pleione
Donnern, kennt es, und freut hinhörend
Sich des geflügelten Halls,

Wenn der Planet fliehend sich wälzt, und im Kreislauf
Eilet, und wenn, die im Glanze sich verbergen,
Um sich selber sich drehn ! Sturmwinde
Rauschen, und Meere dann her.

* * * * *

Psalmengesang tönet darein ! Die erhabnen
Feyrer am Thron, die Gerechten und vollkommenen
Singen Jubel und Preis ! Anbetung !
Danken, sie können es, Gott !

Ahndung in mir, dunkles Gefühl der Entzückung,
Welche den Staub an dem Staub einst unaussprechlich
Trösten soll, o Gefühl, Weissager
Inniger ewiger Ruh,

Lispel, entflohn jenem Gesang der Entflammten
Söhne des Heils, o, besuch oft die Beladnen
Erdewanderer, komm mildthätig,
Trockne des Weinenden Blick !

FUTURITY.

LIST'NERS in heaven, hear the sweet tones—tones of sublimest
Sphère-music, charm'd : hear the' accord, of the revolving
Planets and moons ; joy in the echoes
Soft of their swift-wingèd choir.

As each bright world, rolls in its course, or as each dazzling
Sun on its vast centre is wheel'd, and as the stâr-deeps
And their celestial shores and the wild cliffs
Vibrate to harmony's waves,—

* * * *

Worship divine swells with the sound : all the' exalted
Hosts by the throne, holy ones there, all the new
ransom'd,

Mingle their jubilant strain ; and, adoring,
Thank with pure fervour their God !

Presage for me, hallow'd, obscure, yet full of rapture,
Which the frail heart, though but of dust, soon shall divinely
Solace,—presentiment all prophetic
Of hidden endless repose,—

Whispering tones, caught from those strains, lowly
triumphant
Yonder on high,—O visit oft, gently, the laden
Hearts of earth's wanderers ;—come benignly,
Dry up the sufferer's tear !

Strahlendes Heer, Welten ! Ist auch ein Erschaffner
Irgendwo noch, wie der Mensch, schwach ? Es erschreckt
uns

Unser Retter, der Tod ! Sanft kommt er,
Leis' im Gewölke des Schlafs ;

Aber er bleibt fürchterlich uns, und wir sehn nur
Nieder ins Grab, ob er gleich uns zur Vollendung
Führt, aus Hüllen der Nacht hinüber
In der Erkenntnisse Land !

Von der Geduld steinigem Pfad' in ein heitres
Wonnegefeld ! zur Gesellschaft der Vollkommenen !
Aus dem Leben, das bald durch Felsen
Zögernder fliesset, und bald

Flüchtiger da, wo, zu verblühen, die bekränzten
Frühling' ihr Haupt in des Thaus Glanz und Gerüchen
Schimmernd heben ;—es spiel' hinunter
Oder es säume,—geschwätz !

KLOPSTOCK.

Oden. A.D. 1764.

Radiant hosts, chorists of heaven,—say are there elsèwhere
As our frail race, creatures as frail?—for he appals us,
E'en our deliverer, Death ; though he oft comes
Mildly in visions of sleep.

Still unto us, dreadful his aspect ; prone to gaze earthward
Into the grave, while sternly he prompts—on to the
perfect ;
Pointing from shadows, and funeral darkness,
Up to celestial day.

From the rough arduous road of patience up to serenest
Joys of the blest, where love unites the souls of the victors ;
Out of life's stream, which now 'mid rocks foams
Vexedly, then awhile glides

Tranquilly where (quickly to fade) ope the sweet spring-
flowers

Their bright tints in the glittering dew, and a moment
with pèrfume

Cheer us : but ah,—gliding or troublous,—

'T is but “ a tale that is told ! ”

STÄRKUNG.

ACH wie hat mein Herz gerungen !
Wie gefleht am Gnadenthron !
Noch von deiner Angst durchdrungen,
Siegst du, meine Seele, schon ?
Oder säumt des Helfers Rechte
Stets noch ? werden meiner Nächte,
Meiner Leiden immer mehr ?
Immer meiner Thränen mehr ?

Nah ist meines Helfers Rechte
Sieht sie gleich mein Auge nicht !
Weiter hin im Thal der Nächte,
Ist mein Retter, und mein Licht !
Ja, dort wird mir Gott begegnen !
Dort wird mich sein Antlitz segnen !
Jetzt, jetzt ist die Prüfungszeit !
Jetzt sey, Seele, stark zum Streit !

Was empfand des Helden Seele
Abrams, ders vom Herrn empfang,
Und nunmehr von Mamres Höle
Nach des Opfers Berge ging !
Tief war seiner Seele Wunde,
Heiss der Prüfung bange Stunde,

STRENGTHENING.

Am me, what woes this heart have wrung !
How pleads it still at mercy's throne !
My troubled soul, my silent tongue,
Canst thou, ere long, deliverance own ?
Or doth the sovereign Helper still
Delay, and must the gloomy chill
Of sadness yet thy powers involve,
And yet these eyes in tears dissolve ?

Near is the arm that brings relief,
Though still no rescue meets my sight.
Beyond me, in the vale of grief,
Is my Deliverer and my Light.
There will He soothe my sore distress,
There will his healing presence bless :
Yet, yet—the trial hour is long ;
Yet, yet, my heart, in Him be strong !

What strength Heaven lent the patriarch's soul.
To bind his child, his dearer life,
Surmount all nature's soft control,
And grasp the sacrificial knife !
How deep his love's distracted sigh !
How sharp the parent's agony !

Nicht erst künftig : sie war da !
 Nah des Knabens Tod, ganz nah !

Konnt er dessen Rath ergründen,
 Der das Opfer ihm befahl ?
 Keinen Ausgang konnt er finden,
 Überall war Nacht und Quaal !
 Dennoch traut' er dir, o Retter !
 Dir, Jehova, Gott der Götter !
 Er führt mich die dunkle Bahn,
 Er, der Staub erwecken kann.

Abraham ! so scholl die Stimme
 In des Überwinders Ohr !—
 O du jener Gnade Stimme,
 Ruf auch meine Seel empor !
 Schau, Herr, wie ich lieg und flehe !
 Und vor trauren fast vergehe !
 In der trüben Stunde graun
 Lehre mich gen Himmel schaun !

* * * *

In der Christen ersten Tagen
 Ward dess Mund zum Lobgesang,
 Der, umringt von bängern Plagen
 Zeugend mit dem Tode rang.
 Selten bracht ein schnelles Ende
 Sie in ihres Vaters Hände.
 Viele dunkle Tage lang
 Starben sie ! scholl ihr Gesang !

The hour of dreadful offering here,
His darling Isaac's death-stroke near !

Could he that thought of God explore
Which claim'd so dire a sacrifice ?
His anguish'd spirit search'd no more :
Dark horror reign'd and mute surprise !
But yet, he trusted, Lord, to Thee,
Though terrible thy stern decree.
“ Who bears me thro' a path thus dread,
Can wake my loved one from the dead !”

Abraham !—the sudden voice Divine,
Restraining—struck the victor's ear !
O heavenly voice, be heard by mine !
Reveal, outpour, thy mercies here !
Prostrate, my Lord, thy help I crave,
Upbear me on the tempest's wave !
O succour me on life's rude sea,
To lift my soul to heaven and Thee !

* * * * *

In the bright prime of Christ-like zeal,
Pale lips exulting praises sang,
And hearts, keen torture doom'd to feel,
Through martyr-death to life upsprang :
Nor oft with swift dismissal blest
Could reach at once their Father's rest ;
But, crush'd in bonds or lingering pains,
Still chaunted forth adoring strains.

Schau auch dieser Helden Glauben,
Meine Seele, glaubend an !
Lass nichts deine Krone rauben !
Leid, und klimm zu ihr hinan !
Keiner Trübsal Tiefen scheiden,
Weder Tod noch Leben scheiden,
Nichts, was jetzt und künftig ist,
Scheidet mich von Jesus Christ.

KLOPSTOCK.

Geistliche Lieder.

To that heroic faith, uplift,
My soul, thy weak and tearful eye !
Let no one take thy crown ; the gift
Of grace, the meed of victory :
Not depth or height from love shall sever,
Nor death nor life estrange thee ever,
Nor present things, nor future, part
From thy Redeemer's faithful heart !

DER PILGER.

Es wallt ein Pilger hohen Dranges,
Er wallt zur sel'gen Gottesstadt,
Zur Stadt des himmlischen Gesanges,
Die ihm der Geist verheisset hat.

“Du klarer Strom! in deinem Spiegel
Wirst du die heil'ge bald umfahn.
Ihr sonnehellen Felsenhügel!
Ihr schaut sie schon von weitem an.

“Wie ferne Glocken hör' ichs klingen,
Das Abendroth durchglüht den Hain.
O hätt' ich Flügel, mich zu schwingen
Weit über Thal und Felsenreihn!”

Er ist von hoher Wonne trunken,
Er ist von süssen Schmerzen matt,
Und in die Blumen hingsunken,
Gedenkt er seiner Gottesstadt.

“Sie sind zu gross noch, diese Räume,
Für meiner Sehnsucht Flammenqual;
Empfahet ihr mich, milde Träume,
Und zeigt mir das ersehnte Thal.”

THE PILGRIM.

SEE yon pilgrim's hallow'd impulse
Urge him to the heavenly goal !
To the mount of seraph anthems
Heaven-sent ardour prompts his soul !

“ Crystal stream, in thy pure mirror
Thou dost now reflect its dome :
And ye, sacred sunbright mountains,
Ye surround it,—whilst I roam.

“ Hark ! I list its far-off music
In calm evening's purple glow :
Oh, could faith's strong pinion waft me
O'er these dreary wilds below !”

Now the pilgrim melts in rapture ;
And, with painful joy oppress'd,
'Mid soft flowers supinely sinking,
Muses on that glorious rest.

“ All too great these ceaseless labours,
For my spirit's burning sigh !
O enchant me, genial visions ;
Paint the bright abode on high !”

Da ist der Himmel aufgeschlagen,
Sein lichter Engel schaut herab :
“ Wie sollt’ ich dir die Kraft versagen,
Dem ich das hohe Sehnen gab !

“ Die Sehnsucht und der Träume weben,
Sie sind der weichen Seele süß,
Doch edler ist ein starkes Streben
Und macht den schönen Traum gewiss.”

Er schwindet in die Morgendüfte ;
Der Pilger springt gestärkt empor,
Er strebet über Berg’ und Klüfte,
Er stehet schon am goldnen Thor.

Und sieh ! gleich Mutterarmen schliesset
Die Stadt der Pforte Flügel auf ;
Ihr himmlischer Gesang begrüset
Den Sohn nach tapfrem Pilgerlauf.

UHLAND.

But behold, the heaven unveiling,
Thence his guardian stoops to save.
“ How shall I new strength refuse thee,
When the boon I bade thee crave ?

“ Fervours, and ecstatic dreaming,
To the feeble soul are sweet :
Nobler far the manful striving
Which can blissful dreams complete.”—

Flies the angel-guest at dawning,—
Up the strengthen'd pilgrim springs ;
Strives o'er every rugged mountain,—
At the golden portal sings !

Suddenly, like arms maternal,
Sion's pearly gates uncloze ;
And the tones of angel-welcome
Soothe the brave in heaven's repose.

DER GNADENSTUHL.

MEIN Jesu, dem die Seraphinen
Im Glanz der höchsten Majestät
Selbst mit bedecktem Antlitz dienen,
Wenn dein Befehl an sie ergeht ;
Wie sollten blöde Fleischesaugen,
Die der verhassten Sündennacht
Mit ihrem Schatten trüb gemacht,
Dein helles Licht zu schauen taugen ?

* * * *

Sei gnädig, Jesu voller Güte,
Dem Herzen, das nach Gnade lechzt ;
Hör, wie die Zung in dem Gemüthe,
Gott sei mir Armen gnädig ! ächzt :
Ich weiss, Du kannst mich nicht verstossen ;
Wie könntest Du ungnädig sein
Dem, den dein Blut von Schuld und Pein
Erlöst, da es so reich geflossen ?

* * * *

THE MERCY-SEAT.

My Saviour, whom in heavenly places
Near the full radiance of thy throne,
The seraph choir with veiled faces
Adoring, Thee their monarch own,
How can the trembling eye of mortal,
Confus'd and dimm'd by baleful sin,
Gaze thro' the bright and starry portal
On thy transcendent Light within?

* * * *

Yet, Saviour, let thy loving-kindness
Cheer the frail heart which thirsts for Thee!
The tongue which lisps—'mid sin and blindness,—
'O God of mercy, smile on me.'
I know thy mercy cannot falter;
Thou canst not unrelenting be
To one for whom on Calvary's altar
Thy precious heart's-blood flow'd so free.

* * * *

Ach, lass mich deine Weisheit leiten,
Und nimm ihr Licht nicht von mir weg;
Stell deine Gnade mir zur Seiten,
Dass ich auf Dir beliebtem Steg
Beständig bis ans Ende wandle,
Damit ich auch in dieser Zeit
In Lieb und Herzensfreundlichkeit
Nach deinem Wort und Willen handle.

Reich mir die Waffen aus der Höhe.
Und stärke mich durch deine Macht,
Das ich im Glauben sieg und stehe,
Wenn Stärk und List der Feinde wacht:
So wird dein Gnadenreich auf Erden
Das uns zu deiner Ehre führt,
Und endlich gar mit Kronen ziert,
Auch in mir ausgebreitet werden.

Ja, ja, mein Herz will Dich umfassen.
Erwähl es Herr, zu deinem Thron:
Hast Du aus Lieb einmal verlassen
Des Himmels Pracht und deine Kron,
So würd'ge auch mein Herz und Leben.
Und lass es deinen Himmel sein,
Bis Du, wenn dieser Bau fällt ein,
Mich wirst in deinen Himmel heben.

Ah ! let thy wisdom, ever guiding,
No more withhold its gracious light :
Let thy good Spirit, still abiding,
Govern my devious steps aright !
That to the latest persevering,
I may my heavenward course fulfil,
In faith and charity revering
Thy holy word and perfect will !

Endue me with thy heavenly armour ;
Sustain me by thy heavenly might ;
Make prayer more earnest, purer, warmer,
When fiendish rage and craft unite !
So shall victorious grace, repairing
The wreck and ruin sin hath made,
The crown and palm of joy preparing,
Be in my heart and life display'd.

Yes, yes ; this heart to Thee I render,—
O take it, Saviour, for thy throne !
Didst thou not erst for me surrender
The crown, the glory, thine alone ?
O make it all devout and humble,
Meet thy own home and heaven to be ;
Till, when this earthly house shall crumble,
Thou lift me to thy heaven with Thee !

Ich steig' hinauf zu dir im Glauben,
Steig' Du in Lieb' herab zu mir,
Lass mir nichts diese Freude rauben,
Erfülle mich nur ganz mit dir:
Ich will Dich fürchten, lieben, ehren,
So lang in mir das Herz sich regt,
Und wenn dasselb' auch nicht mehr schlägt,
So soll doch noch die Liebe währen.

WOLFG. CHRISTOPH DESSLER.

I soar to Thee by faith's endeavour,
In mighty love to me come down !
Let nought this gladness from me sever ;
With thy blest self my spirit crown.
In fear and love, thy praise repeating,
I will adore till life is past ;
And when this heart shall cease its beating,
Still let my love for ever last !

“VON DIR IST FREUDE DIE FÜLLE.”

MORGENGLANZ der Ewigkeit,
Licht vom unerschöpften Lichte,
Schick uns diese Morgenzeit,
Deine Strahlen zu Gesichte,
Und vertreib durch deine Macht
Unsre Nacht.

Deiner Güte Morgenthau
Fall auf unser matt Gewissen :
Lass die dürre Lebensau
Lauter süssen Trost geniessen,
Und erquick uns deine Schaar,
Immerdar.

Gieb, dass deiner Liebe Glut
Unsre kalten Werke tödte,
Und erweck uns Herz und Muth
Bei erstandner Morgenröthe,
Dass wir, eh wir gar vergehn,
Recht aufstehn.

Ach, du Aufgang aus der Höh,
Gieb, dass auch am jüngsten Tage

“FULNESS OF JOY.”

DAY-STAR from eternity,
Light of uncreated Light,
With reviving beams from Thee,
Cheer and bless our waiting sight ;
By thy soul-transforming power,
Save from sin's dark hour !

Let thy grace, like morning dew,
Drop on chill'd and sterile hearts ;
Clothe the waste where nothing grew,
With the fruits thy love imparts !
Quicken us toward Thee to soar,
Saviour, evermore !

May thy love's celestial glow
Chase the frosts of earth away ;
Till our melting souls o'erflow,
And thy conquering grace obey ;
Till 'this mortal' we resign
To be wholly thine !

Glorious Day-spring from on high,
Grant that in the final day,

Unser Leichnam aufersteh,
Und entfernt von aller Plage
Sich auf jener Freudenbahn
Freuen kann.

Leucht uns selbst in jene Welt,
Du verklärte Gnadensonne :
Führ uns durch das Thränenfeld
In das Land der süßen Wonne,
Da die Lust, die uns erhöht,
Nie vergeht.

C. K. VON ROSENROTH.

These frail forms may death defy,
Ransom'd from his fearful sway :
Safe from guilt, and pain, and strife,
In thy realm of life !

Light us to thy blissful spheres,
O Eternal Sun of grace,
From this wild of sin and tears
To Thy holiest dwelling-place,
Where the songs of joy and peace
Nevermore shall cease !

MORGENLIED.

GIEB, dass keiner meiner Tage,
Vater, meiner Lebens-Zeit,
Einstens Dir, dem Richter sage,
Er sey ganz von mir entweiht.

Auch noch jetzt bin ich erwacht,
Dank sey deiner Güt und Macht!
Lass mich heilig und im Segen
Diesen Tag zurücke legen.

Dass ich nicht erschrocken stehe,
Wenn mein letzter Tag erscheint,
Wenn zum dunkeln Thal ich gehe,
Und mein Freund nun um mich weint.

Lindre dann des Todes-Pein;
Lass mein End ihm lehrreich seyn,
Dass ich ihn zum Himmel weise,
Und den Herrn des Todes preise.

MORNING HYMN.

FATHER, let no day to come,
Of my life's decreasing sum,
At thy judgment-seat appear
As profan'd or lavished here !

Thanks to thine own grace and might,
Once more I behold the light.
Let thy favour on me shine
While the fleeting hours decline !

That I may not sink in dread,
As I verge to death's cold sleep,
When beside my fainting head
The lov'd shall bend to weep !

Then, O soothe the pang of death ;
Bless them with my latest breath.
Lift us to thy heaven and Thee,
Who hast quell'd death's victory !

UNENDLICHE BARMHERZIGKEIT.

ICH habe nun den Grund gefunden,
Der meinen Anker ewig hält :
Wo anders als in Jesu Wunden ?
Da lag er vor der Zeit der Welt,
Der Grund, der unbeweglich steht,
Wenn Erd und Himmel untergeht.

Es ist das ewige Erbarmen,
Das alles Denken übersteigt ;
Es sind die offnen Liebesarmen
Des, der sich zu dem Sünder neigt,
Dem allemal das Herze bricht,
Wir kommen oder kommen nicht.

Wir sollen nicht verloren werden ;
Gott will, uns soll geholfen sein ;
Deswegen kam der Sohn auf Erden
Und litt für uns die schwerste Pein :
Deswegen klopft er für und für
So stark an unsers Herzensthür.

O Abgrund, welcher alle Sünden
Durch Christi Tod verschlungen hat !

MERCY INFINITE.

Now have I found the ground to hold
My spirit's anchor evermore.
Where, but in Jesu's love untold?
The' Eternal Rock, the changeless shore,
The ground immutable for aye,
When earth and heaven shall pass away!

This, this the grace unsearchable,
Which all our failing thought transcends,
The open arms of love which tell
Of Him that to the rebel bends!
Come we, or still to come decline,
Still melts that heart with love Divine.

We are not doom'd, renounced, forlorn,—
God willeth we should holpen be;
For this the Lord of life was born,
And bore his uttermost agony:
For this, with loud redoubling peal,
He knocks, still knocks, at hearts of steel!

Abyss where darkest sins are blanch'd,
Whelm'd in the crimson life-stream there;

Das heisst die Wunde recht verbinden ;
Da findet kein Verdammen statt,
Weil Christi Blut beständig schreyt
Barmherzigkeit ! Barmherzigkeit !

Darein will ich mich gläubig senken,
Dem will ich mich getrost vertraun ;
Und wenn mich meine Sünden kränken
Nur bald nach Gottes Herze schaun.
Da findet sich zu aller Zeit
Unendliche Barmherzigkeit.

Wird alles andre weggerissen
Was Seel und Leib erquicken kann,
Darf ich von keinem Troste wissen
Und scheine völlig ausgethan,
Ist die Errettung noch so weit ;
Mir bleibet die Barmherzigkeit.

Bei diesem Grunde will ich bleiben
So lange mich die Erde trägt :
Das will ich denken, thun und treiben
So lange sich ein Glied bewegt :
So sing ich ewig höchst erfreut :
O Abgrund der Barmherzigkeit !

JOH. ANDR. ROTHE.

Where deepest wounds are heal'd and stanch'd,
Where mighty grace bars out despair,
Where Christ's own blood to earth and skies
Still mercy, tenderest mercy, cries !

Therein by faith my soul would sink ;
On Him shall lean my fainting dust.
Though drawn by sin to ruin's brink,
In God's own loving heart I trust ;
And own, in sorrow's darkest hour,
The plenitude of Love and Power !

Were all beside quite rent away—
Should sharp afflictions, one by one,
Of each fond solace, hope, and stay
Bereave me, till almost undone,—
No earthly hope, no rescue here,—
Still, still were boundless Mercy near.

Upon that Rock of Ages still
I rest, while earth my frame sustains :
This will I ponder, do, fulfil,
Long as my fleeting breath remains ;
Till songs of endless joy shall bless
Divine unfathom'd tenderness.

LOBGESANG.

SINGT doch unserm König
Singt ihm unterthänig,
Lobt sein herrlich Reich.
Hat die Erde Kronen ?
Hat der Himmel Thronen ?
Nichts ist Jenem gleich.
Ahmt die Sprach
Der Engel nach,
Die von Jesu selbst bekennen
Er sey Herr zu nennen.

Er hat eine Gnade
Die vom tiefsten Grade
Zu dem Höchsten schwingt.
Er liebt seine Diener,
Die er als Versühner
In den Himmel bringt.
Er ist Sohn,
Er hat den Thron,
Er lässt sich von Niemand geben,
Er schenkt selbst das Leben.

HYMN OF PRAISE

LAUD your King and Saviour !
Let your whole behaviour
Praise his honours high !
Hath the earth its crowns ?
Hath the heaven its thrones ?
Who with Him can vie ?
Join your praise
With angels' lays,
Who, in loftiest tones, proclaim
His majestic name !

He hath grace most ample,
Love beyond example,
Whom the heavens adore ;
He the Reconciler,
Death and hell's Despoiler,
Loveth evermore.
He, the Son,
Reigns alone ;
Glorious life to none he owes,—
Life himself bestows.

Liebt dann seine Ehre !
Glaubt die Gnaden-Lehre,
Sagt von seiner Macht,
Singt die weisen Werke,
Preist die Wunder-Stärke,
Rühmt des Reichthums Pracht ;
Nehmet theil
An seinem Heil,
Jauchzt ihm froh, doch unterthänig ;
Jesus, du bist König !

Gebetbuch.

Whom his grace amazes,
Love your Saviour's praises,
Celebrate his might !
Sing his great salvation,
Bless his pure compassion,
Own his god-like right !
For his sake
Bliss partake,
And in lowly triumph sing,
Jesus, thou art king !

DIE KÜNFTIGE SELIGKEIT.

NACH einer Prüfung kurzer Tage
Erwartet uns die Ewigkeit.
Dort, dort verwandelt sich die Klage
In göttliche Zufriedenheit.
Hier übt die Tugend ihren Fleiss,
Und jene Welt reicht ihr den Preis.

Wahr ist's, der Fromme schmeckt auf Erden
Schon manchen sel'gen Augenblick.
Doch alle Freuden, die ihm werden,
Sind ihm noch kein vollkommnes Glück.
Er bleibt ein Mensch, und seine Ruh
Nimmt in der Seele ab und zu.

Bald stören ihn des Körpers Schmerzen,
Bald das Geräusche dieser Welt ;
Bald kämpft in seinem eignen Herzen
Ein Feind, der öfter siegt als fällt ;
Bald sinkt er, durch des Nächsten Schuld,
In Kummer und in Ungeduld.

THE COMING BLESSEDNESS.

WHEN these brief trial-days are past,
Then dawns the great eternity !
There the dim scene with griefs o'ercast
Is changed to heaven's serenity :
Her earnest task now Virtue plies,
That brighter world holds forth the prize.

True, the devout partake below
Moments of gladness, days of peace :
Yet all delight which earth can know
Is ebbing oft, and soon to cease :
Man is but mortal ; and each rill
Of sweetness here must fluctuate still.

Now shrinks his feeble frame in pain ;
Now worldly turmoil chafes his breast ;
Conflicting in his heart remain
The foes that mar his inward rest ;
And others' failings, sins, or woes,
A deep and frequent load impose.

Hier, wo die Tugend öfter leidet,
Das Laster öfter glücklich ist ;
Wo man den Glücklichen beneidet,
Und des Bekümmerten vergisst ;
Hier kann der Mensch nie frey von Pein,
Nie frey von eigener Schwachheit seyn.

Hier such ichs nur, dort werd' ichs finden,
Dort werd ich heilig und verklärt
Der Tugend ganzen Werth empfinden,
Den unaussprechlich grossen Werth :
Den Gott der Liebe werd' ich seh'n,
Ihn lieben, ewig ihn erhöh'n.

Da wird der Vorsicht heiliger Wille
Mein Wille, meine Wohlfahrt seyn ;
Und lieblich Wesen, heil die Fülle
Am Throne Gottes mich erfreun.
Dann lässt Gewinn stets auf Gewinn
Mich fühlen, dass ich selig bin.

Da werd' ich das im Licht erkennen
Was ich auf Erden dunkel sah ;
Das wunderbar und heilig nennen
Was unerforschlich hier geschah.
Da denkt mein Geist mit Preis und Dank
Die Schickung im Zusammenhang.

Here where on goodness falls distress,
And vice as oft in pomp is clad,
Where envy's frown can blast success
And selfishness forgets the sad,—
Here can man ne'er from pains be free,
Nor his inborn infirmity.

What here I seek, shall there abound ;
For where the heirs of glory dwell,
The worth of holiness is found
Exceeding great, unspeakable.
There shall I see my Saviour's face,
Enjoy his love, exalt his grace.

There all my glorious Lord hath will'd
Shall be my will, my pure delight ;
And blissful life with graces fill'd
Pervade me, from the throne of light :
There, of still growing joys possess'd,
Shall I at length be wholly blest.

There in his light I shall discern
What here my frailty darkly saw ;
Those high mysterious counsels learn
Which here were scann'd with trembling awe ;
Discovering there, with praise intense,
The mighty chain of Providence.

Da werd' ich zu dem Throne dringen
Wo Gott, mein Heil, sich offenbart ;
Und heilig, heilig, heilig, singen
Dem Lamme, das erwürget ward ;
Und Cherubim und Seraphim
Und alle Himmel jauchzen ihm.

Da werd' ich in der Engel Schaaren
Mich ihnen gleich und heilig seh'n ;
Das nie gestörte Glück erfahren
Mit Frommen stets fromm umzugeh'n ;
Da wird durch jeden Augenblick
Ihr Heil mein Heil, mein Glück ihr Glück.

Da werd' ich dem den Dank bezahlen
Der Gottes Weg mich gehen hiess,
Und ihn zu Millionenmalen
Noch segnen, dass er mir ihn wies ;
Da find' ich in des Höchsten Hand
Den Freund, den ich auf Erden fand.

Da ruft (o möchte Gott es geben !)
Vielleicht auch mir ein Sel'ger zu :
Dank sey dir ; denn du hast das Leben,
Die Seele mir gerettet, du !—
O Gott, wie muss das Glück erfreu'n,
Der Retter einer Seel' zu seyn !

There will I ardent homage bring,
Where God my Saviour sits enthroned ;
There “ Holy, holy, holy,” sing,
Unto the Lamb that once atoned,
While countless anthems rise to Him
From all the harps of Seraphim.

There, with each bright angelic tribe,
The path of holiness I ’ll tread,
And undecaying bliss imbibe
In converse with the perfected ;
With them in ceaseless joys combine,
My transport theirs, their rapture mine.

There shall my thanks to him be said
Who drew my steps from sin and woe ;
His kindness million-fold repaid
Who taught me in God’s ways to go.
There at my Saviour’s throne I meet
The friend that led me to his feet.

Perhaps (may Heaven the joy impart)
E’en me shall hail some Blessed One,—
“ Thanks, thanks to thee ; for thou this heart,
E’en thou, to God and heaven hast won ! ”
My God, what joy shall that confer,
To’ have been a soul’s deliverer !

Was seyd ihr Leiden dieser Erden
Doch gegen jene Herrlichkeit,
Die offenbar an uns soll werden
Von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit?
Wie nichts, wie gar nichts gegen sie
Ist doch der Augenblick voll Müh!

Geleibuch.

What then are ye, short pains of time,
Compared with that transcendent bliss,
Which shall be soon our lot sublime
Immortally !—if weigh'd with this,
How nothing—ah, quite nothing there—
Life's flitting moments full of care !

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

HYMNE AU CHRIST.

VERBE incréé ! source féconde
De justice et de liberté !
Parole qui guéris le monde !
Rayon vivant de vérité !
Est-il vrai que ta voix, d'âge en âge entendue,
Pareille au bruit lointain qui meurt dans l'étendue,
N'a plus pour nous guider que des sons impuissants ?
Et qu'une voix plus souveraine,
La voix de la parole humaine,
Étouffe à jamais tes accents ?

Mais la raison c'est toi ! mais cette raison même
Qu'était-elle avant l'heure où tu vins l'éclairer ?
Nuage, obscurité, doute, combat, système,
Flambeau que notre orgueil portait pour s'égarer.

Le monde n'était que ténèbres,
Les doctrines sans foi luttaienent comme des flots,
Et trompé, détrompé, de leurs clartés funèbres,
L'esprit humain flottait noyé dans ce chaos ;
L'espérance ou la peur, au gré de leurs caprices,
Ravageaient tour à tour et repeuplaient les cieux,
La fourbe s'engraissait du sang des sacrifices,
Mille dieux attestaient l'ignorance des dieux.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

WORD Increate ! immortal source
Of thoughts all hallow'd, just, and free !
Voice which the sorrowing world doth heal !
Beam of eternal verity !
Can it be true—thy heavenly tone,
Like dying sounds far off, hath powerless grown,
And that an utterance mightier now,
The power of earthly reason, takes the throne,
While to its sovereign voice thine ancient echoes bow ?

But—reason, 'tis Thyself !—what was it ere
The day Thou camest its dim path to' illume ?
Cloud, darkness, doubt ; the conflict of despair ;
The taper born by pride while groping toward the tomb.

The world was drear and dark ;
Dogmas unstay'd by faith like billows strove ;
Man's spirit, toss'd in error's drifting bark,
Mock'd by the sophist's wavering spark,
Its idols dar'd by turns to crush or to enthrone ;
By bleeding hecatombs imposture throve ;
A thousand gods declar'd the living God unknown.

Fouillez les cendres de Palmyre ;
Fouillez les limons d'Osiris,
Et ces panthéons où respire
L'ombre fétide encore de tous ces dieux proscrits !
Tirez de la fange ou de l'herbe,
Tirez ces dieux moulés, fondus, taillés, pétris,
Ces monstres mutilés, ces symboles flétris,
Et dites ce qu'était cette raison superbe
Quand elle adorait ces débris !

Ne sachant plus nommer les exploits ou les crimes,
Les noms tombaient du sort comme au hazard jetés,
Et les vertus les plus sublimes
N'étaient que des vices dorés.

Tu parais, ton verbe vole,
Comme autrefois la parole
Qu'entendit le noir chaos
De la nuit tira l'aurore,
Des cieux sépara les flots
Et du nombre fit éclore
L'harmonie et le repos.
Ta parole créatrice
Sépare vertus et vice,
Mensonges et vérité !

Grope in Palmyra's dust ;
Search on the ancient banks of Nile ;
Draw from its mounds of grassy clay
The once adorèd bust ;
Gods graven, moulded, cast erewhile ;
The mutilated monsters long abjur'd :
And say what was proud reason—when allur'd
To worship such as they !

Weak to discriminate exploit and crime,
Caprice oft held the trumpet of renown,
And rais'd a worthless name :
A hopeless grave was all the hero's crown,
And virtues deem'd the most sublime
Were oft but gilded vice and secret shame.

Thou comest, and thy word forth flies
As erst the plastic mandate flew
Which made rude chaos in fair worlds uprise,
Heaven's genial beam from dark abysses drew,
Sever'd the rolling seas and arching skies,
And scatter'd night's primeval sway
With choirs of circling spheres and brilliant day.
So thy pure word creative light supplies,
Parts good from evil, truth from specious lies,

Le maître apprend la justice,
L'esclave la liberté,
L'indigent le sacrifice,
Le riche la charité.

Un Dieu créateur et père,
En qui l'innocence espère,
S'abaisse jusqu'aux mortels !
La prière qu'il appelle
S'élève à lui libre et belle
Sans jamais souiller son aile
Des holocaustes cruels !
Nos iniquités, nos crimes,
Nos désirs illégitimes,
Voilà les seules victimes
Qu'on immole à ses autels !
L'immortalité se lève,
Et brille au-delà des temps ;
L'espérance, divin rêve,
De l'exil que l'homme achève
Abrége les courts instants ;
L'amour céleste soulève
Nos fardeaux les plus pesants ;
Le siècle éternel commence,
Le juste a sa conscience,
Le remords son innocence
L'humble foi fait la science

Bids power be righteous, sets the bondsman free,
Teaches the poor content, the prosperous charity.

Our Father, God, true hope of suffering hearts,
Stoops to earth's woes ; celestial grace imparts ;
Henceforth no more from man invites
Stern homage of ensanguin'd rites :
Vice, crime, and passion, which our souls enslave,
Now the sole victims his pure altars crave,
Immortal prospects gild the tomb,
Undying hopes abridge the gloom
Of man's brief exile here :
Aspiring love relieves his load,
And soars tow'rd the Divine abode,
Which earnest faith brings near.
The soul renew'd abides in peace ;
Repentance bids fierce terror cease ;

Des sages et des enfants !
Et l'homme qu'elle console
Dans cette seule parole
Se repose deux ans !

Et l'esprit éclairé par tes lois immortelles,
Dans la sphère morale ou tu guidas nos yeux,
Découvrit tout à coup plus de vertus nouvelles
Que, le jour où d'Herschel le verre audacieux
Porta l'œil étonné dans les célestes routes,
Le regard qui des nuits interroge les voûtes
Ne vit d'astres nouveaux pulluler dans les cieux !
Non, jamais de ces feux qui roulent sur nos têtes,
Jamais de ce Sina qu'embrasaient les tempêtes,
Jamais de cet Horeb, trône de Jéhova,
Aux yeux des siècles n'éclata
Un foyer de clarté plus vive et plus féconde
Que cette vérité qui jaillit sur le monde
Des collines de Golgotha.

L'astre qu'à ton berceau le mage vit éclore,
L'étoile qui guida les bergers de l'aurore
Vers le Dieu couronné d'indigence et d'affront,
Répandit sur la terre un jour qui luit encore,
Que chaque âge à son tour reçoit, bénit, adore,
Qui dans la nuit des temps jamais ne s'évapore
Et ne s'éteindra pas quand les cieux s'éteindront.

Faith guides the child, the sage ;
Almost thro' twice ten centuries' flight
Still shines this mild consoling light
On each revolving age.

The soul, by that supernal word illum'd,
More virtues in her moral sphere hath found
Than Herschel's daring tube had disentomb'd
Of nebulous wonders in heaven's depth profound.
Not from those labyrinths of starry light,
Nor Sinai's flash, nor Horeb's flamy ray,
Had ever ris'n on man's terrestrial night
Such healing beams as flow'd from awful Golgotha.

The star that led the Magi, and that hymn
Seraphic, which the lowly shepherds brought
To God's own Son cradled in want and scorn,
Have shed on earth a light that none can dim,
And tones of harmony, divinely taught,
To vibrate still in bosoms yet unborn.

Ils disent cependant que cet astre se voile,
Que les clartés du siècle ont vaincu cette étoile ;
Que ce monde vieilli n'a plus besoin de toi !
Que la raison est seule immortelle et divine,
Que la rouille des temps a rongé ta doctrine,
Et que de jour en jour de ton temple en ruine
Quelque pierre en tombant déracine ta foi.

O Christ ! il est trop vrai, ton éclipse est bien sombre !
La terre sur ton astre a projeté son ombre !
Nous marchons dans un siècle où tout tombe a grand bruit.
Vingt siècles écroulés y mêlent leur poussière :
Fables et vérités, ténèbres et lumière,
Flottent confusément devant notre paupière ;
Et l'un dit : C'est le jour ! et l'autre : C'est la nuit !

* * * * *

Mais, pareil à l'éclair qui, tombant sur la terre,
Remonte au firmament sans qu'une ombre l'altère,
L'homme n'a pu souiller ta loi de vérité !
L'ignorance a terni tes lumières sublimes ;
La haine a confondu tes vertus et nos crimes,
Les flatteurs aux tyrans ont vendu tes maximes ;
Elle est encore justice, amour, et liberté !

Et l'aveugle raison demande quels miracles
De cette loi vieillie attestent les oracles !
Ah ! le miracle est là permanent et sans fin !

Yet, say they, it is waning : our new blaze
Of science has o'ercome those antique beams :
Our age mature needs not its fainter rays ;
For reason with diviner lustre gleams
Immortally ; while the old faith decays,
And from her temple, as each year glides by,
Some falling marble tells of desolation nigh.

Saviour, too true, the time's eclipse is dark ;
Earth her cold shadow on thy day-star flings,
Full many a ruin shakes the sacred ark,
Fact, fable, meteor-light, with ominous wings ;
The dust of eld, rash youth's imaginings,
Flit all confus'd before our mental sight ;
Some hail new day : some shrink at dreaded night.

* * * * *

As summer lightnings dart thro' misty dales,
Yet all unsoil'd the' ethereal heights regain,
So man can ne'er thy truth celestial stain ;
His ignorance oft its sacred grandeur veils,
His hatred seeks to fasten crime
E'en on thy light sublime ;
Flatterers for tyrants wrest thy word awry ;
Yet still it shines unchang'd—love, justice, liberty.

But—(ask blind disputants)—what heavenly sign
Seals now that obsolete unheeded word ?
Tell them—for ever shine its seals Divine :

Que cette vérité par ces flots d'impostures,
 Que ce flambeau brillant par tant d'ombres obscures,
 Que ce Verbe incréé par nos lèvres impures
 Ait passé deux mille ans et soit encore divin !

* * * * *

Et c'est en vain que l'homme, ingrat et las de croire,
 De ses autels brisés et de son souvenir
 Comme un songe importun veut enfin te bannir ;
 Tu règues malgré lui jusque dans sa mémoire,
 Et du haut d'un passé rayonnant de ta gloire,
 Tu jettes ta splendeur au dernier avenir !
 Lumière des esprits, tu pâlis, ils pâlissent !
 Fondement des états, tu fléchis, ils fléchissent !
 Sève du genre humain, il tarit si tu meurs !
 Racine de nos lois dans le sol enfoncé,
 Partout où tu languis on voit languir les mœurs,
 Chaque fibre à ton nom s'émeut dans tous les cœurs,
 Et tu revis partout, jusque dans la pensée,
 Jusque dans la haine insensée
 De tes ingrats blasphémateurs !

* * * * *

Prix divin de tout sacrifice,
 Tout bien se nourrit de ta foi !
 De quelque mal qu'elle gémissé
 L'humanité se tourne à toi !
 Si je demande à chaque obole,
 A chaque larme qui console,

'Midst error's din its calming voice still heard :
Its holy torch still brightening thro' the storm,
Fervent from age to age, the soften'd heart to warm.

* * * * *

In vain unthankful man would strive to' erase,
From broken shrines and reckless memory,
Thy name, thy faith, as a distasteful dream ;
E'en in reluctant minds thou hold'st a place,
And, from the solemn past, triumphantly
Shin'st on the future waves of time's descending stream.
Light of our souls, without Thee all is shade ;
Bulwark of states, if Thou be gone, they fall ;
Life of our race, we droop, if Thou withdraw ;
Root of our strength, thy languor would degrade
All morals ; virtue wakens at thy call ;
E'en hostile thought Thou rul'st, and hatred yields to awe.

* * * * *

Divinest meed of self-denial,
All goodness grows by trust in Thee.
In every form of bitterest trial
To Thee turns crush'd humanity :
Were I to ask each widow's mite,
Each secret sympathising tear,

A chaque généreux pardon,
A chaque vertu qu'on me nomme :
En quel nom consolez-vous l'homme ?
Ils me répondent : En son nom !

* * * * *

Ah ! qui sait si cette ombre ou pâlit ta doctrine
Est une décadence—ou quelque nuit divine,
Quelque nuage faux prêt à se déchirer,
Où ta foi va monter et se transfigurer,
Comme aux jours de ta vie humaine et méconnue,
Tu te transfiguras toi-même dans la nue,
Quand, ta divinité reprenant son essor,
Un jour sorti de toi revêtit le Thabor,
Dans ton vol glorieux te balança sans ailes,
Éblouit les regards des disciples fidèles,
Et pour les consoler te ton prochain adieu,
Homme prêt à mourir, te montra déjà Dieu ?

Oui ! de quelque faux nom que l'avenir te nomme,
Nous te saluons Dieu ! car tu n'es pas un homme !
L'homme n'eût pas trouvé dans notre infirmité
Ce germe tout divin de l'immortalité,
La clarté dans la nuit, la vertu dans le vice,
Dans l'égoïsme étroit la soif du sacrifice !
Dans la lutte la paix, l'espoir dans la douleur,
Dans l'orgueil révolté l'humilité du cœur,
Dans la haine l'amour, le pardon dans l'offense,
Et dans le repentir la seconde innocence !

Each generous pardon's true delight,
In whose sole name they bless and cheer,
All answer—in his glorious name
Who as the Lord of love, the great consoler, came.

* * * * *

Who knows if this dark shade that veils thy sway
Be no declension,—but the work of God?
A transient dimness soon to roll away,
Whence faith shall break in radiant noon abroad?
As in thy days of earthborn lowliness
The new transfiguring lustre round Thee blazed,
While Tabor trembled in that light's excess,
And thy transported followers shrank amazed,
As to console them at thy near farewell,
On mortal man they saw the Godhead's glory dwell.

Oh yes, whate'er the sceptic age reject,
We hail Thee God: mere man Thou canst not be:
Ne'er had man drawn from his fallen intellect
The pledge of god-like immortality;
Sunlight from darkness, purity from vice,
From selfish baseness generous sacrifice,
Peace from rude passion, hope from sorrow's smart,
From rebel pride the meek and contrite heart—

Notre encens à ce prix ne saurait s'égarer,
Et j'en crois des vertus qui se font adorer !

* * * * *

Pour moi, soit que ton nom ressuscite ou succombe,
O Dieu de mon berceau, sois le Dieu de ma tombe !
Plus la nuit est obscure et plus mes faibles yeux
S'attachent au flambeau qui pâlit dans les cieux !
Et quand l'autel brisé que la foule abandonne
S'écroulerait sur moi ! . . . temple que je chéris,
Temple où j'ai tout reçu, temple où j'ai tout appris,
J'embrasserais encore ta dernière colonne,
Dusse-je être écrasé sous tes sacrés débris !

LAMARTINE.

(*Harmonies.*)

To no vain idol bows our suppliant knee,
We' adore the Perfect when we bow to Thee !

* * * * *

For me—whether thy glories dawn or fade,
God of my cradle, shine Thou on my tomb.
These failing eyes, the deeper frowns the gloom,
Shall fix their warmer gaze on thy celestial aid.
Nay, should thy temple, which the proud forsake,
Be tottering, yet, O venerated shrine,
Whence I have learn'd my all of hope Divine,
I would embrace thy columns while they quake,
And, whelm'd beneath their fall, my silent offering make.

AUX CHRÉTIENS DANS LES TEMPS D'ÉPREUVES.

POURQUOI vous troublez-vous, enfants de l'Évangile ?

“ A quoi sert dans les cieux ton tonnerre inutile,
(Disent-ils au Seigneur) quand ton Christ insulté,
Comme au jour où sa mort fit trembler les collines,
Un roseau dans les mains et le front ceint d'épines,
Au siècle est présenté.

Ainsi qu'un astre éteint sur un horizon vide,
La foi, de nos aïeux la lumière et le guide,
De ce monde attiédi retire ses rayons ;
L'obscurité, le doute, ont brisé sa boussole,
Et laissent diverger, au vent de la parole,
L'encens des nations.

Et tu dors ! et les mains qui portent ta justice,
Les chefs des nations, les rois du sacrifice,
N'ont pas saisi le glaive et purgé le saint lieu !
Levons-nous, et lançons le dernier anathème ;
Prenons les droits du ciel, et chargeons-nous nous-même
Des justices de Dieu.”

TO CHRISTIANS IN TIMES OF TRIAL.

WHY mourn ye, children of the Saviour's fold?
Lamenting—what avail thy thunders, Lord,
Since still thy Christ is outraged, as of old,
When round his cross the rending earthquake warr'd?
Still, still presented to the gaze of scorn
As when the reed He bare and crown of torturing thorn.

Faith, like the pole-star quench'd by mists below,
Faith—of our fathers erst the guiding beam,
Upon the lukewarm world hath ceas'd to glow;
Darkness and doubt have veil'd its brilliant gleam
And let the incense of the nations float
With shifting gales of earth from heavenly truth remote.

Thou slumberest? while the hands that bear thy sword,
Our Christendom's enthron'd and hallow'd chiefs
Unsheath it not with burning zeal, O Lord,
To purge the Holy Place from crimes and griefs?
Let *us* then rise, and launch the vengeful ban,
Wielding God's holy rights to crush rebellious man!

Arrêtez, insensés, et rentrez dans votre âme ;
Ce zèle dévorant dont mon nom vous enflamme
Vient-il, dit le Seigneur, ou de vous ou de moi ?
Répondez ; est-ce moi que la vengeance honore ?
Ou n'est-ce pas plutôt l'homme que l'homme abhorre
Sous cette ombre de foi ?

Et qui vous a chargés du soin de sa vengeance ?
A-t-il besoin de vous pour prendre sa défense ?
La toudre, l'ouragan, la mort, sont-ils à nous ?
Ne peut-il dans sa main prendre et juger la terre,
Ou sous son pied jaloux la briser comme un verre
Avec l'impie et vous ?

Quoi ! nous a-t-il promis un éternel empire,
Nous disciples d'un Dieu qui sur la croix expire,
Nous à qui notre Christ n'a légué que son nom,
Son nom et le mépris, son nom et les injures,
L'indigence et l'exil, la mort et les tortures,
Et surtout le pardon ?

Serions-nous donc pareils au peuple déicide,
Qui, dans l'aveuglement de son orgueil stupide,
Du sang de son Sauveur teignit Jérusalem,
Prit l'empire du ciel pour l'empire du monde,
Et dit en blasphémant : que ton sang nous inonde,
O Roi de Bethléem !

Stop, senseless ones, your secret impulse try :
The fiery zeal to which your soul pretends,
Comes it from Me, the Holy and the High ?
Say, is it truly ME your wrath defends ?
Must ye not rather earthly hate confess,
Wearing the cloak and phrase of godliness ?

But who charged you with vengeance, sons of dust ?
To you must Power supreme depute its reign ?
Storms, hurricanes, death, to you doth He entrust ?
Grasps He not Earth, to judge or to restrain ?
Or, like some brittle vase, its fragments strew,
With all its guilty denizens, and you ?

Wills He that we in deathless joy shall reign,
We, followers of the God who came to die ?
But yet his name bequeaths us join'd with pain,
With want or exile, scoffs and contumely ?
And, above all, with anguish and the grave
Linking the great behest,—Forgive as I forgave ?

Shall we then copy that obdurate race
Who, in their blindness of insensate pride,
Stain'd with a Saviour's blood the Holy Place,
Defil'd God's city e'en with deicide,
Took heaven's own reign for pomps which time devours,
And madly cried—" His blood be upon us and ours ! "

Ah ! nous n'avons que trop affecté cet empire !
Depuis qu'humbles proscrits échappés du martyre,
Nous avons des pouvoirs confondu tous les droits,
Entouré de faisceaux les chefs de la prière,
Mis la main sur l'épée et jeté la poussière
Sur la tête des Rois.

Ah ! nous n'avons que trop, aux maîtres de la terre,
Emprunté, pour régner, leur puissance adultère,
Et dans la cause enfin du Dieu saint et jaloux,
Mêlé la voix divine avec la voix humaine,
Jusqu'à ce que Juda confondit dans sa haine
La tyrannie et nous.

* * * * *

“ Mais du Dieu trois fois saint, notre injure est l'injure ;
Faut-il l'abandonner au mépris du parjure,
Aux langues du sceptique ou du blasphémateur ?
Faut-il, lâches enfants d'un père qu'on offense,
Tout souffrir sans réponse et tout voir sans vengeance ? ”
Et que fait le Seigneur ?

Sa terre les nourrit, son soleil les éclaire,
Sa grâce les attend, sa bonté les tolère,
Ils ont part à ces dons qu'il nous daigne épancher,
Pour eux le ciel répand sa rosée et son ombre,
Et de leurs jours mortels il leur compte le nombre
Sans en rien retrancher.

Ah, but too prone those pomps and powers to' assume—
Confounding spiritual rights and secular—
We,—erst proscrib'd, and scap'd the martyr's doom,—
With the stern fasces arm'd the chiefs of prayer ;
Seized on the sword, and cast contempt on them
Who wear, by God's decree, the worldly diadem.

Too much have we from this world's rulers won
For our ambition's aim, their unblest rod,
And in the cause of the thrice Holy One
Mingled man's edicts with the words of God ;
Till his own people, in their hate, ally
Us with the odious claims of worldly tyranny.

But if, while wounding us, our Lord they wrong,
Him must we' abandon to the scorner's vaunt,
The sceptic sarcasm, or the mocker's song ?
Must children in base silence hear the taunt
Of fools against their Father—nor dare smite
His foes?—But what then doth Himself,—the Infinite ?

Them his earth nourishes, his sunlight cheers,
For them grace waits and patience yet forbears :
For them heaven sheds mild beams and dewy tears ;
They taste the cup his bounteous hand prepares.
His mercy lengthens still their mortal day,
Nor cuts the thread of life, tho' harden'd hearts delay.

Il prête sa parole à la voix qui le nie ;
Il compatit d'en haut à l'erreur qui le prie ;
A défaut des clartés, il nous compte un désir.
La voix qui crie : Allah ! la voix qui dit : mon Père,
Lui portent l'encens pur et l'encens adultère :
A lui seul de choisir.

Ah ! pour la vérité n'affectons pas de craindre ;
Le souffle d'un enfant, là-haut, peut-il éteindre
L'astre dont l'Éternel a mesuré les pas ?
Elle était avant nous, elle survit aux âges,
Elle n'est point à l'homme, et ses propres nuages
Ne l'obscurciront pas.

Elle est ! elle est à Dieu qui la dispense au monde,
Qui prodigue la grâce où la misère abonde ;
Rendons grâce à lui seul du rayon qui nous luit !
Sans nous épouvanter de nos heures funèbres,
Sans nous enfler d'orgueil et sans crier ténèbres
Aux enfants de la nuit.

Esprits dégénérés ! ces jours sont une épreuve,
Non pour la vérité toujours vivante et neuve,
Mais pour nous que la peine invite au repentir ;
Témoignons pour le Christ, mais surtout par nos vies ;
Notre moindre vertu confondra plus d'impies
Que le sang d'un martyr.

He lends the voice where Him the lip denies,
 Commiserates e'en the erring that adore ;
 Accepts the glance of prayer from feeblest eyes :
 The tongues that "Allah" shout, or "Abba" pour,
 To Him their pure or sullied incense bring ;
 'Tis his alone to choose the heart's true offering.

Ah, tremble not for truth ! Can infant breath
 Quench the perennial star that Heaven bids shine ?
 It shone ere time began ; it outglows death—
 A pure bright effluence from the eternal shrine—
 It is not man's : nor clouds of his dark cell
 Those heaven-descending splendours e'er shall quell.

Truth, truth is God's : He pours its blessed rays ;
 Lavish of grace where sins and griefs abound :
 Him only for the saving lustre praise,
 Nor dread the mists which error's path surround ;
 Nor let our pride that dire eclipse foretell
 Which children of the night invoke and love too well.

Degenerate souls, these days are tests for you,
 For us, whom pains to penitence recall,
 Not for God's truth, still vital, ever new.
 Be we Christ's witnesses : but most of all
 By lives like his : one living grace strikes dumb
 The scorners, more than bleeding martyrdom.

Chrétiens, souvenons-nous que le chrétien suprême
N'a légué qu'un seul mot pour prix d'un long blasphème
A cette arche vivante où dorment ses leçons ;
Et que l'homme, outrageant ce que notre âme adore,
Dans notre cœur brisé ne doit trouver encore
Que ce seul mot : Aimons !

LAMARTINE.

(*Harmonies.*)

Forget not, Christians, that our injur'd Lord
Bequeath'd one only word, for all his wrongs,
To that enshrining ark where grace is stor'd :
And men that outrage with blaspheming tongues
This Lord who rules our souls and reigns above,
Must find in our crush'd hearts no other tone but—love !

CONSOLATION.

TOMBEZ, larmes silencieuses,
Sur une terre sans pitié ;
Non plus entre des mains pieuses,
Ni sur le sein de l'amitié !

Tombez comme une aride pluie
Qui rejaillit sur le rocher,
Que nul rayon du ciel n'essuie,
Que nul souffle ne vient sécher.

Qu'importe à ces hommes mes frères
Le cœur brisé d'un malheureux ?
Trop au-dessus de mes misères,
Mon infortune est si loin d'eux !

Jamais sans doute aucunes larmes
N'obscurciront pour eux le ciel ;
Leur avenir n'a point d'alarmes,
Leur coupe n'aura point de fiel.

Jamais cette foule frivole,
Qui passe en riant devant moi,
N'aura besoin qu'une parole
Lui dise : Je pleure avec toi !

CONSOLATION.

DROP, lone and silent tears,
On pitiless earth to rest !
Not now on piety's meek hand,
Or friendship's gentle breast !

Fall like the cheerless rain
That smites the rock's chill brow ;
On which no sunny ray shall smile,
Nor genial zephyr blow.

What cares my brother man
For this crush'd heart forlorn ?
High rais'd o'er dark adversities,
For mine he cannot mourn.

O ne'er will tears for him
Becloud life's brilliant star :
His future no forebodings dim,
No cup of woe shall mar.

Ne'er will that frivolous crowd,
Who pass in laughing glee,
Need the fond solace of a heart
Which says—I weep with thee !

Hé bien ! ne cherchons plus sans cesse
La vaine pitié des humains ;
Nourrissons-nous de ma tristesse,
Et cachons mon front dans mes mains.

A l'heure où l'âme solitaire
S'enveloppe d'un crêpe noir,
Et n'attend plus rien de la terre,
Veuve de son dernier espoir ;

Lorsque l'amitié qui l'oublie
Se détourne de son chemin,
Que son dernier bâton, qui plie,
Se brise et déchire sa main ;

* * * *

C'est alors que ta voix s'élève
Dans le silence de mon cœur,
Et que ta main, mon Dieu ! soulève
Le poids glacé de ma douleur.

On sent que ta tendre parole
A d'autres ne peut se mêler,
Seigneur ! et qu'elle ne console
Que ceux qu'on n'a pu consoler.

Ton bras céleste nous attire
Comme un ami contre son cœur,
Le monde qui nous voit sourire,
Se dit : D'où leur vient ce bonheur ?

Ah, well—I cease to seek
Vain pity from mankind.
I nourish grief in loneliness,
Forsaken yet resign'd.

Yes, when the soul bereav'd
Her gloomiest veil puts on,
Expecting nought from earth again,
Her latest hope foregone ;

When friendship shuns our path
In the stern hour of need,
And the last staff on which we leant
Wounds like a broken reed ;

Then, then thy whisper lulls
This aching silent heart ;
Thy hand, my God, draws gently forth
E'en poignant sorrow's dart.

Thy tender word alone
Can woe's dark waves control.
Its sweetest solace is for those
Whom nought else may console.

Thine everlasting arms
Enfold the heart oppress'd,
Till the world marks our patient smile,
And marvels—whence so bless'd ?

Et l'âme se fond en prière
Et s'entretient avec les cieux,
Et les larmes de la paupière
Sèchent d'elles-même à nos yeux,

Comme un rayon d'hiver essuie,
Sur la branche ou sur le rocher,
La dernière goutte de pluie
Qu'aucune ombre n'a pu sécher.

LAMARTINE.

(*Harmonies.*)

The spirit now to Heaven
Aspires in fervid prayer,
And bitter tears no more can flow
From eyes uplifted there.

As if on branch or rock
One ardent sunbeam fell,
And the last chilly rain-drop chas'd,
Which shade could ne'er dispel.

RÉPONSE DE DIEU.

Quoi ! le fils du néant a maudit l'existence !
Quoi ! tu peux m'accuser de mes propres bienfaits !
Tu peux fermer tes yeux à la magnificence
Des dons que je t'ai faits !

Tu n'étais pas encore, créature insensée,
Déjà de ton bonheur j'enfantais le dessein,
Déjà, comme son fruit, l'éternelle pensée
Te portait dans son sein.

Oui, ton être futur vivait dans ma mémoire,
Je préparais les temps selon ma volonté.
Enfin ce jour parut ; je dis : Nais pour ma gloire,
Et ta félicité !

Tu naquis : ma tendresse, invisible et présente,
Ne livra pas mon œuvre aux chances du hasard ;
J'échauffai de tes sens la sève languissante
Des feux de mon regard.

D'un lait mystérieux je remplis la mamelle ;
Tu t'énivras sans peine à ces sources d'amour.
J'affermis les ressorts, j'arrondis la prune
Où se peignit le jour.

DIVINE RESPONSE TO MAN'S DESPAIR.

WHAT! hath the child of nought his being curs'd?
The' eternal Donor for his boon accus'd—
Who call'd thee forth from nothingness at first,
Who conscious life infus'd?

When yet thou wast not, O insensate, then
My preordaining thought thy weal design'd:
Thy future all conspicuous to the ken
Of the eternal Mind!

Creative power foresaw thy natal morn,
And fix'd its epoch by allwise decree.
It came:—I will'd, "Be for my glory born
And thy felicity!"

And thou wast born: my watchful tenderness
Left not its offspring to the storms of chance:
But stoop'd life's feeblest rudiments to bless
With my warm fostering glance!

I bade maternal love its treasure shed,
Yielding mild nurture to thine infant cry;
I knit the nerves, the optic mirrors spread,
Which pictur'd earth and sky.

Ton ame, quelque temps par les sens éclipsee,
Comme tes yeux au jour, s'ouvrit à la raison :
Tu pensas ; la parole acheva ta pensée,
Et j'y gravai mon nom.

En quel éclatant caractère
Ce grand nom s'offrit à tes yeux !
Tu vis ma bonté sur la terre,
Tu lus ma grandeur dans les cieux !

L'ordre était mon intelligence ;
La nature, ma providence ;
L'espace, mon immensité !
Et de mon être, ombre altérée,
Le temps te peignit ma durée,
Et le destin, ma volonté !

Tu m'adoras dans ma puissance,
Tu me bénis dans ton bonheur,
Et tu marchas en ma présence,
Dans la simplicité du cœur :
Mais aujourd'hui que l'infortune
A couvert d'une ombre importune
Ces vives clartés du réveil,
Ta voix m'interroge et me blâme.
Le nuage couvre ton ame,
Et tu ne crois plus au soleil.

Thy soul awhile in cradling sense repos'd ;
But reason oped, as light to vision came ;
Thought gradual woke : then speech thy thought disclos'd,
And there I graved my Name.

In what bright symbols did my power impress
That name upon thine eyes !
On teeming earth my bounteousness,
My grandeur in the skies.

Order announced divinest skill,
Kind providence my rule benign ;
Time shadow'd my eternity,
Betokening my duration still
In the faint type of thine ;
Space imaged my immensity,
And destiny my will.

While life's new fount of joy ran clear,
My grandeur thou didst bless ;
Perchance with infant simpleness
My sovereign goodness couldst revere :
But now that many a torrent stains
The brightness of thine earlier way,
Thy rebel heart disputes, complains,—
Thy madness e'en my rule arraigns :
Those storm-clouds, for thy soul,
Have quench'd the' unchanging pole,
And unbelief dethrones the Lord of day !

“ Non, tu n’es plus qu’un grand problème
Que le sort offre à la raison ;
Si ce monde était ton emblème,
Ce monde serait juste et bon.”

Arrête, orgueilleuse pensée ;
A la loi que je t’ai tracée
Tu prétends comparer ma loi ?
Connais leur différence auguste :
Tu n’as qu’un jour pour être juste :
J’ai l’éternité devant moi !

Quand les voiles de ma sagesse
A tes yeux seront abattus,
Ces maux, dont gémit ta faiblesse,
Seront transformés en vertus.
De ces obscurités cessantes
Tu verras sortir triomphantes
Ma justice et ta liberté ;
C’est la flamme qui purifie
Le creuset divin où la vie
Se change en immortalité !

Mais ton cœur endurci doute et murmure encore :
Ce jour ne suffit pas à tes yeux révoltés,
Et dans la nuit des sens tu voudrais voir éclore
De l’éternelle aurore
Les célestes clartés !

“ Ah,” (murmurs the rash heart,) “ thy law, thy name,
Are a vast problem, deep, unsolv'd, obscure ;
Could this dark world thy perfectness proclaim,
It must itself be holy, blissful, pure.”

Forbear, vain thought of blasphemy ;
Wilt thou my counsels and my acts compare
With laws assign'd for thee—
Nor mark the august distinction there ?
Poor sojourner in dust,
Thou hast some fleeting moments to be just,—
I have eternity !

When the dense veils my wisdom weaves
Shall melt from thine astonish'd view,
These ills o'er which thy weakness grieves
Will show rich fruits of grace and gladness too.
From fires which to despair thy spirit urge,
My justice and thy freedom shall emerge ;
The glowing crucible of pain must try
My golden ore for immortality !

But still thy heart revolts—the twilight ray
Suffices not to thine impatient eye :
Fain wouldst thou have commence,
Amid the night of sense,
The splendour of triumphant day,
The' eternal morning's glorious clarity.

Attends ; ce demi-jour, mêlé d'une ombre obscure,
Suffit pour te guider en ce terrestre lieu :
Regarde qui je suis, et marche sans murmure,
Comme fait la nature
Sur la foi de son Dieu.

La terre ne sait pas la loi qui la féconde,
L'océan, refoulé sous mon bras tout-puissant,
Sait-il comment au gré du nocturne croissant
De sa prison profonde
La mer vomit son onde,
Et des bords qu'elle inonde
Recule en mugissant ?

Ce soleil éclatant, ombre de ma lumière,
Sait-il où le conduit le signe de ma main ?
S'est-il tracé soi-même un glorieux chemin ?
Au bout de sa carrière,
Quand j'éteins sa lumière,
Promet-il à la terre
Le soleil de demain ?

Cependant tout subsiste et marche en assurance.
Ma voix chaque matin réveille l'univers !
J'appelle le soleil du fond de ses déserts :
Franchissant la distance,
Il monte en ma présence,
Me répond, et s'élance
Sur le trône des airs.

Wait: the dim twilight now
Shall serve to guide thee on thy pilgrim way:
Think what am I! then, without murmuring, bow
Like nature, to her Maker's sway!

Knows earth the laws that fructify her plains?
Or restless ocean, which my arm restrains,
Knows it what bonds the surging billows hold?
How, silently controll'd
By the far influence of the crescent moon,
From its unfathom'd deep
The tides o'er each broad margin sweep,
Then, refluent, leave the sandy waste as soon?

That brilliant sun, faint reflex of my light,
Knows he the path my guiding hand assign'd?
Hath he himself his heavenly course defin'd?
Or when his golden disk is sunk in night,
Does he then promise earth a dawning beam as bright?

Yet all subsists, and moves unerring still;
My voice each morn the spheres obedient own;
The golden orb, responsive to my will,
Mounts joyfully from zone to zone,
And climbs the steep of heaven to his meridian throne.

Et toi, dont mon souffle est la vie,
Toi, sur qui mes yeux sont ouverts,
Peux-tu craindre que je t'oublie,
Homme, roi de cet univers ?
Crois-tu que ma vertu sommeille ?
Non, mon regard immense veille
Sur tous les mondes à la fois !
La mer qui fuit à ma parole,
Ou la poussière qui s'envole,
Suivent et comprennent mes lois.

Marche au flambeau de l'espérance
Jusque dans l'ombre du trépas,
Assuré que ma providence
Ne tend point de piège à tes pas.
Chaque aurore la justifie,
L'univers entier s'y confie,
Et l'homme seul en a douté !
Mais ma vengeance paternelle
Confondra ce doute infidèle
Dans l'abyme de ma bonté.

LAMARTINE.

(*Méditations poétiques.*)

And thou, that hast thy being from my breath,
On whom my secret gifts o'erflow,—
Canst thou be fearful that, in life or death,
I shall forget my noblest work below ?
Doth my omniscience or my kindness sleep ?
Flame thro' infinitude my wakeful eyes ;
Quell the loud tumult of the heaving deep,
Guide every mote that flits through sunny skies !

Lift thou the torch of hope
E'en in death's final shade :
No snares upon that gloomy slope
Thy Father's hand hath laid.
Each dawn my faithfulness attests,
Creation on my promise rests ;
The feeblest forms of life confide ;
Man doubts alone ; and doubts in faithless pride :
But I forget not,—man is dust.
Still would I win thee to my bliss :
Yea, would rebuke and quench thy dark distrust,
In Mercy's bright abyss !

CHŒUR D'ATHALIE.*

LE CHŒUR.

Tout l'univers est plein de sa magnificence ;
Qu'on l'adore ce Dieu ; qu'on l'invoque à jamais :
Son empire a des temps précédé la naissance ;
Chantons, publions ses bienfaits.

UNE VOIX.

En vain l'injuste violence
Au peuple qui le loue imposerait silence !
Son nom ne périra jamais.
Le jour annonce au jour sa gloire et sa puissance,
Tout l'univers est plein de sa magnificence ;
Chantons, publions ses bienfaits.

UNE VOIX.

Il donne aux fleurs leur aimable peinture ;
Il fait naître et mûrir les fruits ;
Il leur dispense avec mesure
Et la chaleur des jours et la fraîcheur des nuits :
Le champ qui les reçoit les rend avec usure.

* The two choruses from Athaliah are here reprinted from a version of that tragedy by the translator, which is out of print.

FIRST CHORUS IN ATHALIAH.

THE CHORUS.

YES, his glory fills creation !
From eternity He reigns ;
Unto ceaseless adoration,
Let his goodness wake your strains.

FIRST VOICE

Tyrants vainly strive to quell
Our Jehovah's lofty praise ;
Grateful tribes the chorus swell,
It shall last through countless days.
With unceasing adoration
Anthems to his honour raise !

SECOND VOICE.

His goodness sheds the pearly shower,
And beams that paint each opening flower,
Each embryo fruit mature.
Alternate evening's shadowy hour,
And sultry noon with genial power,
Make the rich increase sure

UNE AUTRE.

Il commande au soleil d'animer la nature,
Et la lumière est un don de ses mains.
Mais sa loi sainte, sa loi pure
Et le plus riche don qu'il ait fait aux humains.

UNE AUTRE.

O mont de Sinaï, conserve la mémoire
De ce jour à jamais auguste et renommé,
Quand, sur ton sommet enflammé,
Dans un nuage épais le Seigneur enfermé
Fit luire aux yeux mortels un rayon de sa gloire.
Dis-nous pourquoi ces feux et ces éclairs,
Ces torrents de fumée, et ce bruit dans les airs,
Ces trompettes et ce tonnerre :
Venait-il renverser l'ordre des éléments ?
Sur ses antiques fondements
Venait-il ébranler la terre ?

UNE AUTRE.

Il venait révéler aux enfants des Hébreux
De ses préceptes saints la lumière immortelle ;
Il venait à ce peuple heureux
Ordonner de l'aimer d'une amour éternelle.

THIRD VOICE.

His bright vicegerent, on a golden throne,
He bids the radiant sun all nature bless ;
But his best gift let grateful nations own,
The pure, the perfect law of truth and holiness

FIRST VOICE.

O Sinai, of that awful hour be thou
The time-defying monument ;
When flames illum'd thy rugged brow,
Thick darkness brooding on thy steep ascent ;
And from that cloudy sanctuary,
Which veil'd the dread Supreme,
Burst forth intense on mortal eye
Glory's insufferable beam !
Say why the black incumbent smoke
Rent by lightning's sudden glare ?
Wherefore heaven's trumpet-blast, and peals that broke
Tremendous through the darken'd air ?
Came nature's Lord his own fair work to mar ?
Came He to wreck the globe with elemental war ?

SECOND VOICE.

He came, to pour on Israel from above,
The glorious beams of truth and grace ;
He came, in bands of everlasting love,
To lead and bless our chosen race !

LE CHŒUR.

O divine, ô charmante loi !
O justice, ô bonté suprême !
Que de raisons, quelle douceur extrême
D'engager à ce Dieu son amour et sa foi !

UNE VOIX.

D'un joug cruel il sauva nos aïeux,
Les nourrit au désert d'un pain délicieux ;
Il nous donne ses lois, il se donne lui-même :
Pour tant de biens, il commande qu'on l'aime.

LE CHŒUR.

O justice, ô bonté suprême !

LA MÊME VOIX.

Des mers pour eux il entr'ouvrit les eaux ;
D'un aride rocher fit sortir des ruisseaux ;
Il nous donne ses lois, il se donne lui-même :
Pour tant de biens, il commande qu'on l'aime.

LE CHŒUR.

O divine, ô charmante loi !
Que de raisons, quelle douceur extrême
D'engager à ce Dieu son amour et sa foi !

THE CHORUS.

Hail, gracious law, proclaim'd by truth Divine,
In justice awful, and in grace benign !
How lowly homage swells to warm delight,
While in Jehovah's praise our faith and love unite !

THIRD VOICE.

Yes, for our sires He brake the' oppressor's chain,
And spread heaven's banquet on the desert sand ;
To us his laws, his presence, yet remain,
And only these returns of grateful love demand.

THE CHORUS.

In our Preserver's name, divinely just,
Supremely good, his chosen people trust.

FIRST VOICE.

For them he cleft the billowy deep in twain,
And smote the melting rock by Moses' wand ;
To us his laws, his presence, yet remain,
And only these returns of grateful love demand.

THE CHORUS.

What holy transport, what unmix'd delight,
While in his praise our faith and love unite !

UNE AUTRE.

Vous qui ne connaissez qu'une crainte servile,
Ingrats, un Dieu si bon ne peut-il vous charmer ?
Est-il donc à vos cœurs, est-il si difficile
Et si pénible de l'aimer ?
L'esclave craint le tyran qui l'outrage,
Mais des enfants l'amour est le partage.
Vous voulez que ce Dieu vous comble de bienfaits,
Et ne l'aimer jamais !

LE CHŒUR.

O divine, ô charmante loi !
O justice ! ô bonté suprême !
Que de raisons, quelle douceur extrême,
D'engager à ce Dieu son amour et sa foi !

RACINE.

SECOND VOICE.

Ingrates, enchain'd by servile fear,
Has heavenly grace for you no charm?
Shall nought a bounteous God endear,
Not all his love your bosoms warm?
Slaves dread their wrathful tyrant's eye,
But love's a sweet and filial tie;
You taste the' exhaustless gifts a God bestows,
Yet in your frozen hearts no grateful current flows!

THE CHORUS.

Hail, holy law! thy blessed truths excite
The raptur'd strain of pure delight,
And to Jehovah's praise our faith and love invite!

DEUXIÈME CHŒUR D'ATHALIE.

UNE VOIX.

QUEL astre à nos yeux vient de luire ?
Quel sera quelque jour cet enfant merveilleux ?
Il brave le faste orgueilleux,
Et ne se laisse point séduire
A tous ses attraits périlleux.

UNE AUTRE.

Pendant que du Dieu d'Athalie
Chacun court encenser l'autel,
Un enfant courageux publie
Que Dieu lui seul est éternel,
Et parle comme un autre Elie
Devant cette autre Jézabel.

UNE AUTRE.

Qui nous révélera ta naissance secrète,
Cher enfant ? Es-tu fils de quelque saint prophète ?

SECOND CHORUS IN ATHALIAH.

FIRST VOICE.

WHAT silver star displays
Its pure unborrow'd rays,
Foretelling brightest noon by fairest rising ?
What this heroic child,
By grandeurs unbeguil'd,
With steady soul their treacherous glare despising ?

SECOND VOICE.

While myriads with their tyrant bow,
To gilded wood or graven stone,
Behold an infant dares avow
That Jacob's God is God alone ;
And from the gentle voice of youth
A crown'd idolatress hath heard tremendous truth.

THIRD VOICE.

Say, wondrous child, who shall thy birth declare ?
Art thou some holy Prophet's gifted heir ?

UNE AUTRE.

Ainsi l'on vit l'aimable Samuel
Croître à l'ombre du tabernacle :
Il devint des Hébreux l'espérance et l'oracle.
Puisses-tu, comme lui, consoler Israël !

UNE VOIX.

O bienheureux mille fois
L'enfant que le Seigneur aime,
Qui de bonne heure entend sa voix,
Et que ce Dieu daigne instruire lui-même !
Loin du monde élevé, de tous les dons des cieux
Il est orné dès sa naissance :
Et du méchant l'abord contagieux
N'altère point son innocence.

LE CHŒUR.

Heureuse, heureuse l'enfance
Que le Seigneur instruit et prend sous sa défense !

LA MÊME VOIX.

Tel en un secret vallon
Sur le bord d'une onde pure,
Croît à l'abri de l'Aquilon
Un jeune lys, l'amour de la nature.

FIRST VOICE.

Like thee, erewhile, prophetic Samuel rose,
Within Jehovah's holy place,
In stature and in loveliness ;
Ordain'd to solace Israel's woes,
To be her guide and light, the terror of her foes ;
Mayst thou, like him, fair child of grace,
Console thy people's griefs, thy people's wrongs redress.

SECOND VOICE.

Oh, truly blest that docile child,
For whom the' indulgent Lord hath sown
Seeds of wisdom in the wild,
On its earliest blossom smiled,
And made the grateful heart his own !
Screen'd from thy moral blights, unkindly world,
From sin's far-spreading pestilence,
Like Eden's flowers with gracious dews impearl'd,
He blooms in unstain'd innocence.

ALL THE CHORUS.

Happy morn of infancy !
If the Lord thy guardian be,
And Heaven's arm encircle thee !

SECOND VOICE.

As in some deep and bowery glade,
Which tempests never chill,
A fragrant lily bends, pourtray'd
Within the gliding rill,

Loin du monde élevé, de tous les dons des cieux
Il est orné dès sa naissance,
Et du méchant l'abord contagieux
N'altère point son innocence.

UNE VOIX.

Mon Dieu, qu'une vertu naissante
Parmi tant de périls marche à pas incertains !
Qu'une âme qui te cherche et veut être innocente
Trouve d'obstacle à ses desseins !
Que d'ennemis lui font la guerre !
Où se peuvent cacher tes saints ?
Les pécheurs couvrent la terre.

UNE AUTRE.

O palais de David, et sa chère cité,
Mont fameux, que Dieu même a long-temps habité,
Comment as-tu du ciel attiré la colère ?
Sion, chère Sion, que dis-tu quand tu vois
Une impie étrangère
Assise, hélas ! au trône de tes rois ?

LE CHŒUR.

Sion, chère Sion, que dis-tu quand tu vois
Une impie étrangère
Assise, hélas ! au trône de tes rois ?

So, secluded from his birth,
Noxious blasts that sweep the earth,
Poisons of iniquity,
Shall not taint his growing worth,
Rich from Heaven's benignity.

FIRST VOICE.

Yet, Lord, that young and ardent saint
Might at the various prospect faint,
His march of toils and trials to foresee ;
What changeful ills must wake his cares,
What sinful bands and guileful snares,
Obstruct the pilgrim path that leads thy' saints to Thee !

SECOND VOICE.

City of David, mount of God,
Land of his choice, and house of his abode,
Say what hath drawn Jehovah's anger down,
That thus an impious stranger wears thy holy crown ?

THE CHORUS.

Beloved Sion, who thy griefs can tell,
Since this usurper rose, and all thy glories fell ?

LA MÊME VOIX.

Au lieu des cantiques charmants
Où David t'exprimait ses saints ravissements,
Et bénissait son Dieu, son seigneur, et son père,
Sion, chère Sion, que dis-tu quand tu vois
Louer le dieu de l'impie étrangère,
Et blasphémer le nom qu'ont adoré tes rois ?

UNE AUTRE.

Combien de temps, Seigneur, combien de temps encore
Verrons-nous contre toi les méchants s'élever ?
Jusque dans ton saint temple ils viennent te braver :
Ils traitent d'insensé le peuple qui t'adore.
Combien de temps, Seigneur, combien de temps encore
Verrons-nous contre toi les méchants s'élever ?

UNE AUTRE.

Que vous sert, disent-ils, cette vertu sauvage ?
De tant de plaisirs si doux
Pourquoi fuyez-vous l'usage ?
Votre Dieu ne fait rien pour vous.

UNE AUTRE.

Rions, chantons, dit cette troupe impie ;
De fleurs en fleurs, de plaisirs en plaisirs,
Promenons nos désirs.
Sur l'avenir insensé qui se fie.
De nos ans passagers le nombre est incertain :
Hâtons-nous aujourd'hui de jouir de la vie ;
Qui sait si nous serons demain ?

SECOND VOICE.

Ceased are those high and heaven-taught lays
Thy prophet-monarch loved to raise,
Hymning his Lord's, his Father's name abroad !
Oh, Zion, who shall speak thy woe
While in their place thine impious foe
Hymns the deaf idol, and blasphemes the God ?

FIRST VOICE.

How long, compassionating God, how long
Shall bold impenitence thy justice dare ?
Rush to thy courts amid the' adoring throng,
And mock thy holy congregation there ?
How long, Divine forbearance, ah, how long
Shall guilt erect its front thy sorrowing saints among ?

SECOND VOICE.

“ What,” they cry, “ can stern devotion
On her cheerless slaves confer ?
Pleasure tempts each warm emotion ;
Why so cold, so deaf to her ?”

THIRD VOICE.

“ Come, joyously carol ! come, wantonly stray !”
(Still some giddy victim of levity cries ;)
“ Life speeds to its goal like a swift summer-day ;
Avaunt then, reflection ! the happy are wise.
The joys that are near us, oh, taste while ye may,
Nor trust the vain future for joys far away !”

LE CHŒUR.

Qu'ils pleurent, ô mon Dieu, qu'ils frémissent de crainte
Ces malheureux, qui de ta cité sainte
Ne verront point l'éternelle splendeur.
C'est à nous de chanter, nous à qui tu réveles
Tes clartés immortelles,
C'est à nous de chanter tes dons et ta grandeur.

UNE VOIX.

De tous ces vains plaisirs où leur âme se plonge
Que leur restera-t-il ? Ce qui reste d'un songe
Dont on a reconnu l'erreur.
A leur réveil (ô réveil plein d'horreur !)
Pendant que le pauvre à ta table
Goûtera de ta paix la douceur ineffable,
Ils boiront dans la coupe affreuse, inépuisable,
Que tu présenteras, au jour de ta fureur,
A toute la race coupable.

LE CHŒUR.

O réveil plein d'horreur !
O songe peu durable !
O dangereuse erreur !

RACINE.

FIRST VOICE.

Oh, fitter far the thoughtful tear,
The boding sigh, the start of fear,
Lest Salem's heavenly gate admit not him !
Ours be the rapture, soon to gaze
On that new city's cloudless blaze,
There the redeeming God to praise,
Thron'd with immortal saints and star-crown'd seraphim.

SECOND VOICE.

Ah ! where, giddy victim, thy dream of delight ?
It sinks in the deepening abyss of the past.
That hour of awaking must pour on thy sight
The children of sorrow triumphant at last,
And sharing with angels a blissful repast.
'Tis the path of destruction thy flow'rets are strowing,
'Tis a chaplet of thorns on thy brow thou hast bound ;
In the chalice of misery, still overflowing,
Shall its fast-falling roses of pleasure be drown'd !

ALL THE CHORUS.

Ah ! direful infusion !
Ah ! moment of terror !
Remediless error !
Too transient illusion !

CHŒUR D'ESTHER.

DÉPLORABLE Sion, qu'as-tu fait de ta gloire ?
Tout l'univers admirait ta splendeur :
Tu n'est plus que poussière ; et de cette grandeur
Il ne nous reste plus que la triste mémoire.

Sion, jusqu'au ciel élevée autrefois,
Jusqu'aux enfers maintenant abaissée,
Puisse-je demeurer sans voix,
Si dans mes chants ta douleur retracée
Jusqu'au dernier soupir n'occupe ma pensée !

O rives du Jourdain ! ô champs aimés des cieux !
Sacrés monts, fertiles vallées
Par cent miracles signalées !
Du doux pays de nos aïeux
Serons-nous toujours exilées ?

Quand verrai-je, ô Sion ! relever tes remparts,
Et de tes tours les magnifiques faites ?
Quand verrai-je de toutes parts
Tes peuples en chantant accourir à tes fêtes ?

FIRST CHORUS IN ESTHER.

WHERE, ruin'd Sion, do thy glories lie ?
All lands erewhile thy sacred pomp admir'd ;
Now thou art dust ; thy grandeur quite expir'd ;
And nought to us remains save mournful memory.

Once rais'd to heaven, now crush'd by Heaven's decree,
Ah, let this stifled voice for ever fail,
If e'er it ceas'd thy misery to bewail,
Or, till its latest pulse, this heart wept not for thee !

O shores of Jordan, fields by Heaven once blest ;
O hallow'd mountain, verdant fruitful vale,
Where god-like wonders mark'd each hill or dale,
Must we, as wanderers, evermore
Our loved and holy land deplore,
Still exiled from our great forefathers' rest ?

When, fallen Solyma, shall I behold
Anew thy gorgeous bulwarks rise ?
When shall thy towers, and temple deck'd in gold,
Again salute our watching eyes ?
When shall I see the countless throng
Hailing thy solemn feasts with loud exultant song ?

O Dieu, que la gloire couronne,
Dieu, que la lumière environne,
Qui voles sur l'aile des vents,
Et dont le trône est porté par les anges ;
Dieu qui veux bien que de simples enfants
Avec eux chantent tes louanges ;
Tu vois nos pressants dangers ;
Donne à ton nom la victoire ;
Ne souffre point que ta gloire
Passe à des dieux étrangers.
Arme-toi, viens nous défendre :
Descends, tel qu'autrefois la mer te vit descendre.
Que les méchants apprennent aujourd'hui
A craindre ta colère.
Qu'ils soient comme la poudre et la paille légère
Que le vent chasse devant lui.

RACINE.

O God, whose Name through worlds resounds,
Whom the pure robe of heavenly light surrounds,
Who on the wings of all the winds
Fliest, and angelic choirs thy throne upbear,—
God, who hast will'd that simplest infant minds
Shall in their anthems share,
Behold our perils and the' oppressor's sword !
Give to thy Name the victory !
Let not the Power in highest Heaven ador'd,
By idol-offerings outraged be !
Lord, arm thyself with might
Resistless for us, as of yore
When the Red Sea's wild waves, before
Thy strong blast, clave in mute affright,
And stay'd their dire uproar.
Let guilty mortals learn
To tremble at thy wrath,
And perish as the wither'd grasses burn,
Or dust flies scatter'd in the tempest's path !

DEUXIÈME CHŒUR D'ESTHER.

DIEUX impuissants, dieux sourds, tous ceux qui vous implorent

Ne seront jamais entendus :

Que les démons, et ceux qui les adorent,

Soient à jamais détruits et confondus !

Que ma bouche et mon cœur, et tout ce que je suis,

Rendent honneur au Dieu qui m'a donné la vie.

Dans les craintes, dans les ennuis,

En ses bontés mon âme se confie.

Veut-il par mon trépas que je le glorifie ?

Que ma bouche et mon cœur, et tout ce que je suis,

Rendent honneur au Dieu qui m'a donné la vie.

Je n'admirai jamais la gloire de l'impie ;

Au bonheur du méchant qu'une autre porte envie.

Tous ses jours paraissent charmants ;

L'or éclate en ses vêtements :

Son orgueil est sans borne ainsi que sa richesse ;

Jamais l'air n'est troublé de ses gémissements ;

Il s'endort, il s'éveille au son des instruments ;

Son cœur nage dans la mollesse.

SECOND CHORUS IN ESTHER.

DEAF powerless idols, those on you that call
A senseless prayer prefer :
Let the dumb demon, and his worshipper,
Alike in ruin fall !

O may my lips, my heart, my being, give
Sole praise to Him by whom indeed I live !
Amidst alarms and woes,
Still on his mercies may my soul repose !
And—wills He to be honour'd by my death ?
Then may this tongue, this heart, this parting breath,
Yield praise to Him from whom my being rose !

The wicked's grandeur ne'er could I admire ;
Let others envy when his cup o'erflows :
His days are full of mirth—his rich attire
Laden with gold,—while pride luxuriant grows
'Mid wealth and might : no groans his palace knows.
He sleeps—then wakes to music's melting tones ;
His heart no burden save of pleasures owns.

Pour comble de prospérité,
Il espère revivre en sa l'ostérité ;
Et d'enfants à sa table une riante troupe
Semble boire avec lui la joie à pleine coupe.

Heureux, dit-on, le peuple florissant
Sur qui ces biens coulent en abondance.
Plus heureux le peuple innocent
Qui dans le Dieu du ciel a mis sa confiance !

Pour contenter ses frivoles désirs
L'homme insensé vainement se consume :
Il trouve l'amertume
Au milieu des plaisirs.

Le bonheur de l'impie est toujours agité :
Il erre à la merci de sa propre inconstance.
Ne cherchons la félicité
Que dans la paix de l'innocence.

O douce paix !
O lumière éternelle !
Beauté toujours nouvelle !
Heureux le cœur épris de tes attraits.

To crown prosperities which death may shake,
In his descendants hopes he to revive :
Around his sumptuous board arrive
Full many a blooming girl and reckless boy ;
Their jocund laughing group,
Circled by flattery's responsive troop,
The brimming chalice of his joy partake.

Happy (they cry) the lands where pleasures grow,
Where earth's delights in rich abundance flow.
Ah, no—far happier that obedient race
Who on the living God their fix'd reliance place !

Vainly in low desire and base excess
Does erring man his life consume :
E'en where his joys most amply bloom
He tastes an inward bitterness.

The sinner's joy is marr'd by deep unrest ;
He errs ; weak victim of a wavering heart :
Ah, wisely choose the nobler part,
And aim in willing service to be blest !

O cheering peace !
Immortal light !
Beauty still new and ne'er to cease !
Happy the soul that finds in thee delight.

O douce paix !

O lumière éternelle !

Beauté toujours nouvelle !

O douce paix !

Heureux le cœur qui ne te perd jamais !

Nulle paix pour l'impie. Il la cherche, elle fuit,
Et le calme en son cœur ne trouve point de place :
Le glaive au dehors le poursuit ;
Le remords au dedans le glace.

La gloire des méchants en un moment s'éteint :
L'affreux tombeau pour jamais les dévore.
Il n'en est pas ainsi de celui qui te craint ;
Il renaîtra, mon Dieu, plus brillant que l'aurore.

O douce paix !

Heureux le cœur qui ne te perd jamais !

RACINE.

O true and heavenly peace !
Divinest purity !
Beauty that ne'er can perish or decrease !
Happy the heart that shall not forfeit thee.

No peace unto the wicked : he would win
That boon ; but still it flees : no real calm.
The sword pursues without : remorse within
Distils her venom ; and he finds no balm.

The sinner's glory like a meteor fades ;
In the devouring grave his hope is gone ;—
Not so the souls whom godly fear pervades,
Whom God shall raise more brilliant than the dawn.

O sacred peace !
How blest the heart in which its mild increase
Shall never cease !

TROISIÈME CHŒUR D'ESTHER.

J'AI vu l'impie adoré sur la terre ;
Pareil au cèdre il cachait dans les cieux
Son front audacieux.
Il semblait à son gré gouverner le tonnerre,
Foulait aux pieds ses ennemis vaincus.
Je n'ai fait que passer, il n'était déjà plus.

Ton Dieu n'est plus irrité ;
Réjouis toi, Sion, et sors de la poussière.
Quitte les vêtements de ta captivité,
Et reprends ta splendeur première.
Les chemins de Sion à la fin sont ouverts :
Rompez vos fers
Tribus captives ;
Troupes fugitives,
Repassez les monts et les mers ;
Rassemblez-vous des bouts de l'univers.

Relevez, relevez les superbes portiques
Du temple où notre Dieu se plaît d'être adoré :
Que de l'or le plus pur son autel soit paré,
Et que du sein des monts le marbre soit tiré.
Liban, dépouille-toi de tes cèdres antiques,
Prêtres sacrés, préparez vos cantiques.

THIRD CHORUS IN ESTHER.

I SAW the impious upon earth ador'd ;
Like a tall cedar toward the heaven he soar'd,
With his audacious front of tyranny ;
Seeming to wield heaven's thunders ; at his foot
Lay the crush'd foes in terror mute.—
I look'd—and lo, the tyrant ceas'd to be !

Thy God is wroth no more ;
Rejoice, O Sion ; lift thee from the dust :
Put off the prison garments, to restore
Thy glories as at first.

Ye captive tribes, your fetters burst :
Ye banish'd on earth's farthest shore,
Sad fugitives in every land,
Who in slow, pining exile weep,—
Pass o'er the mountain and the deep,
Led by your high Redeemer's hand.

Erect anew your beauteous gate,
Your temple sacred to the Name Divine ;
Let purest gold his altar decorate,
And on its pinnacles the mountain marbles shine.
O Lebanon, thy ancient cedars bring ;
Prepare, ye priestly choirs, Jehovah's praise to sing.

Dieu, descends et reviens habiter parmi nous.
Terre, frémis d'allégresse et de crainte ;
Et vous, sous sa majesté sainte,
Cieux, abaissez-vous.

Que le Seigneur est bon ! Que son joug est aimable !
Heureux, qui dès l'enfance en connaît la douceur !
Jeune peuple, courez à ce maître adorable,
Les biens les plus charmants n'ont rien de comparable
Aux torrents de plaisirs qu'il répand dans un cœur.

Il s'appaise, il pardonne ;
Du cœur ingrat qui l'abandonne,
Il attend le retour.
Il excuse notre faiblesse ;
A nous chercher même il s'empresse.
Pour l'enfant qu'elle a mis au jour
Une mère a moins de tendresse.
Ah, qui peut avec lui partager notre amour ?

Que son nom soit béni ; que son nom soit chanté ;
Que l'on célèbre ses ouvrages
Au-delà des temps et des âges,
Au-delà de l'éternité.

Descend, great God ; return and dwell with thine !
Tremble, O earth, with reverent glad surprise !
Before his awful holiness
And majesty Divine,
Abase yourselves in subject lowliness,
Ye lords of earth and skies !

Our Lord, how good ! How light his hallow'd yoke !
Blest who from childhood own that gentle sway !
Earth's sweetest charm can no delight convey
Compar'd with the pure bliss which Heaven will ne'er revoke.

His grace relents and pardons ; long attends,
In patient love, the' ungrateful hearts' access :
Our weakness pities, to our misery bends :
Yea, for the nursling that her bosom bare,
Less deep, less true, a mother's tenderness !—
—Ah, who with Him our chiefest love may share ?

His name be ever blest, for ever sung ;
His wondrous mercies laud with grateful tongue,
Beyond the cycles countless years enfold,
Throughout eternities unmeasur'd and untold.

SONNET.

GRAND Dieu, tes jugements sont remplis d'équité,
Toujours tu prends plaisir à nous être propice.
Mais j'ai fait tant de mal que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera sans blesser ta justice.

Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix de supplice :
Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité,
Et ta clémence même attend que je périsse.

Contente ton désir puisqu'il t'est glorieux,
Offense-toi des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux.
Tonne, frappe, il est temps ; rends-moi guerre pour guerre.
J'adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrit.
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jésus Christ ?

DESBARREAU

SONNET.

GREAT God, thy judgments are supremely right ;
Thy joy is ever to forgive and spare :
But such my guilt is, if thy goodness e'er
Me pardon'd, it would wrong thy justice quite.

Yes, Lord, my bold revolts in thy pure sight
Leave power but choice of sufferings to prepare,—
Thine honour must forbid me bliss to share ;
Thy very clemency my doom shall write.

Fulfil that doom, which vindicates thy ways ;
Reject the tears which from these eyelids start ;
Crush ; strike ; 'tis time ; the rebel's course arrest
Lost, thy destroying justice I must praise.
But—on what spot can thy keen lightning dart,
Not laved in life-blood from my Saviour's breast ?

RECOURS Á DIEU.

O MON Dieu, fais sur moi lever de ta lumière
L'éclat paisible et saint qui réjouit mon cœur ;
Dissipe à sa clarté, cette nuit meurtrière
Où me plonge l'amour d'un monde séducteur ;
Viens et relève-moi, du sein de la poussière
J'implore tes bontés, relève-moi, Seigneur !

Du sein de ses langueurs à toi mon cœur s'adresse,
O Dieu fidèle et doux, Dieu prompt à pardonner !
Toi, qui prêtes l'oreille à mes cris de détresse,
Toi, qui veux de ta gloire un jour me couronner ;
Tes bras me sont ouverts ; ineffable tendresse,
A tes puissants attraits je veux m'abandonner.

Viens inonder mon cœur des clartés de ta face,
Esprit du Dieu vivant, Dieu saint, Dieu plein d'amour !
Répands-y cette paix, compagne de ta grace,
Cette joie à l'abri de tout amer retour ;
Et, dans mon cœur changé, viens effacer la trace
Des plaisirs et des maux du terrestre séjour.

RECOURSE TO GOD.

FATHER in heaven, O shed thy glorious light
In calm and hallow'd lustre thro' my soul ;
Dispelling all the mists of deathful night
Which spring from choice of the world's base control :
Come, from the dust my grovelling spirit raise,
And let thy new compassions wake my fervent praise !

Amidst its languors turns my heart to Thee ;
O Faithful, gracious, ready to forgive :
Who lend'st thine ear to suppliant misery,
Who wilt one day the crown of glory give :
Thine arms invite me ; to thy love, reveal'd
In godlike tenderness, my sinful self I yield !

Pour on this heart the splendour of thy smile,
O living Lord, whence real joy must flow :
Impart thy peace, thy pleasures without guile,—
The gladness which no bitterness shall know ;
And from my renovated soul efface
The low delights and ills of this terrestrial place.

Que la foi, m'élevant sur ses puissantes ailes,
M'entraîne désormais vers ces climats heureux,
Où Dieu, des cieux nouveaux, sur les terres nouvelles,
Étendra pour toujours le ceintre merveilleux ;
Où, parmi ses tribus paisibles et fidèles,
Règnera le Sauveur, qu'admireront mes yeux.

FREDERIC CHAVANNES.

Let faith uplift me on her strenuous wing
Towards the blest realm of thy new heavens and earth ;
Those blissful mansions of the' Eternal King,
Where saintly choirs exult in " awful mirth ;"
Where, midst the ransom'd, who " can die no more,"
Their loving Saviour reigns, and the glad hosts adore.

CANTIQUE I.

VERS toi, Seigneur ! au jour de la tristesse,
Mon âme exhale un douloureux soupir ;
Et s'appuyant sur ta sainte promesse,
Peut à la fois espérer et souffrir.

Que ton pouvoir dissipe au loin l'orage
Qui vient ternir le flambeau de ma foi,
Et me conduise au céleste rivage,
Sur le rocher trop élevé pour moi.

Dans le péril, à l'ombre de tes ailes,
Je puis trouver secours, sécurité ;
Et je reçois de tes mains paternelles
Force et repos dans mon cœur agité.

Quand je succombe aux combats de la vie,
Il me suffit de regarder vers toi ;
Mon âme alors est soudain recueillie
Sur le rocher trop élevé pour moi.

Il vient le jour de notre délivrance ;
De tous nos maux s'approche aussi la fin.
O mon Sauveur ! donne-moi l'assurance
Que nul ne peut me ravir de ta main.

HYMN I.

To Thee, Lord, in sorrow's dark hour
My soul breathes her penitent sigh ;
She leans on thy promise, thy grace, and thy power,
And hopes,—for the Saviour is nigh.

Let mercy the tempests dispel
Where faith's feeble taper would die ;
And fix me, where safely the perfected dwell,
On the Rock that is higher than I !

Midst perils, beneath thy kind shade
For refuge and rest will I fly ;
On thy fatherly arm, thine omnipotent aid,
For strength and repose I rely.

When I faint in the warfare of life,
I will look to the Holy and High ;
My soul shall escape from its tumult and strife
To the Rock that is higher than I.

Thy glorious redemption draws near ;
Time's billows roll rapidly by ;
O Saviour, sustain me, midst sadness and fear
Unchangeable love to descry !

Quand de la mort, messagère fidèle,
Je subirai l'inévitable loi,
Que dans les cieux ta douce voix m'appelle
Sur le rocher trop élevé pour moi.

Chants Chrétiens.

When death—solemn envoy—shall come,
And in weakness and anguish I lie,
Let thy voice of compassion but summon me home,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

Collection used by French Protestants.

CANTIQUE II.

DE quoi t'alarmes tu mon cœur ?

Ranime ton courage :

Souviens-toi de ton Créateur :

Ta tristesse l'outrage.

Car le Dieu fort

Règle ton sort,

Enfant du Dieu suprême,

Il te connaît, il t'aime.

Viens contempler le firmament :

Dis, si ton œil embrasse

Les mondes que le Tout-Puissant

A semés dans l'espace.

Ni ton savoir,

Ni ton pouvoir,

Ne te rendront capable

De faire un grain de sable.

Connais le Dieu de l'univers

Et ton insuffisance ;

Il a mille moyens divers,

Tout prêts pour ta défense.

Et dans ses bras

Tu ne perds pas,

Au fort de la tempête,

Un cheveu de ta tête.

HYMN II.

WHAT thus alarms thee, fainting heart ?

Why sink in trouble's hour ?

Think of that God by whom thou art ;

Thy sadness wrongs his power.

He that still reigns,

Thy lot ordains ;

Beloved and guarded without end

By Him, thy everliving friend.

Go—scan the heavens—survey them hence ;

Say—can thy sight embrace

All worlds with which Omnipotence

Hath sown the fields of space ?

Not all thy skill,

Thy power, thy will,

Can nerve thy feeble brain or hand

But to create one grain of sand.

Know, then, the God that ruleth all ;

Thy own dependence know ;

A thousand shields at his high call

Shall screen thee from each foe.

Nor shalt thou lose,

Except He choose,

Though fiercest storms burst o'er thy head,

One hair upon thy temples spread.

Tu formas l'homme de limon,
Auteur de toutes choses !
Tu revêts mieux que Salomon
Les lis des champs, les roses.
Quoi ? Tout le ciel,
Père éternel !
Te coûte une parole,
Et ton fils se désole.

Les mondes roulant dans les cieux,
Et la fleur que je cueille,
L'accord des astres radieux,
La chute d'une feuille,
Tout suit ta loi ;
Serai-je, moi,
Contre la loi commune,
Soumis à la fortune ?

Bannis donc, mon cœur, les soucis,
Car ta douleur t'abuse ;
Après t'avoir donné son Fils,
Est-ce que Dieu refuse
A son enfant
Le vêtement,
Le toit, le pain, la vie ?
Crains-tu qu'il ne t'oublie ?

Author of all, thy plastic power,
Which form'd us first of clay,
More gorgeous makes the brilliant flower
Than Eastern king's array.
Thou spak'st, and those
Bright heavens arose ;
Remotest stars confess thy ceaseless care ;
And yet thy faithless child can half despair.

The worlds in farthest heaven that roll,
The flowers of varied guise,
The orbs revolving round the pole,
The leaf that droops and dies,
Thy law still own :
But I alone,—
(Against the laws which sway them all)—
I to blind chance or fortune fall ?

My heart, let faithless fears be gone !
Such griefs his love abuse :
Will He who gave his own beloved Son
And spar'd not, now refuse
To thee his child,
Amid earth's wild,
The roof, food, raiment, comforts thou shalt need ?
Fear'st thou Omniscience cannot heed ?

Je te remets, Dieu de bonté !
Dieu tout-puissant ! ma vie,
Mon corps, mes biens, ma liberté,
Les miens et ma patrie.
Par ce moyen
Je ne perds rien,
Car une main si sûre
Rend tout avec usure.

Veux-tu me donner des plaisirs ?
J'en bénis ta tendresse ;
Veux-tu traverser mes désirs ?
J'adore ta sagesse.
Je sais, je vois
En qui je crois.
Ta volonté, mon Père !
Me sera toujours chère.

Je me jettrai dans tes bras
Si tu veux que je meure :
O mon Dieu ! ne me quitte pas ;
Viens à ma dernière heure,
Viens m'assister,
Et transporter
Mon âme en son asile,
Et je mourrai tranquille.

O God of grace, omnipotent,
My little all be in thy hands,
Health, freedom, strength, emolument,
My own,—my native land's.
Taught thus to choose,
Nought can I lose,—
Those hands, which all things must control,
With usury shall give back the whole.

Is it thy will enjoyments to bestow ?
I bless thy mercy's store :
Or wilt Thou rather thwart me and bring low ?
Thy wisdom I adore.
I know in whom,
Beyond the tomb,
My faith is fix'd ; thy holy will to me,
My God, my Father, ever dear shall be.

On thy kind arms my feeble self I'll cast
When Thou shalt bid me die !
My Lord, forsake me not at last,
Receive my 'expiring sigh :
In death's dark shade
Be Thou mine aid :
Thus shall my spirit to thy home unseen
Wing her untroubled flight in hope serene.

Collection used by French Protestants.

CANTIQUE III.

POURQUOI, Seigneur, pourquoi mille doutes pénibles
Viennent-ils dans mon âme obscurcir tes clartés ?
Ne puis-je donc marcher dans ces routes paisibles
Où marchent tant de rachetés ?

De ton divin Esprit les premières largesses
N'étaient-elles donc point un gage d'avenir ?
Et ta bonté, pour moi prodigue de promesses,
A-t-elle oublié de bénir ?

Du soleil de ta grâce un rayon perce encore
Cette nuit déplorable où tu me fais marcher.
Mais est-ce là, Seigneur, le déclin ou l'aurore
Du jour que j'aimais à chercher ?

Éprouves-tu ma foi ? maudis-tu ma faiblesse
Et veux-tu me confondre, ou veux-tu me sauver ?
Ce jour doit-il grandir, ou dans une ombre épaisse
Descendre et ne plus se lever ?

Je parlais : le Seigneur entendit mes murmures ;
Il laissa s'exhaler l'angoisse de mon cœur ;
Puis, comme vers le soir, dans les forêts obscures,
Un doux bruit roule avec lenteur,

HYMN III.

AH, wherefore, Lord, do thousand doubts assault
My spirit, and obscure thy healing rays?
Why, unlike others who thy grace exalt,
May I not peaceful walk in wisdom's ways?

Were not thy Spirit's earliest largesses
Earnests of streams more copious yet to flow?
Doth heavenly love—profuse in promises—
Forget my need, or not my conflict know?

Still from the Sun of grace a glimmering ray
Pierces the mournful shades which I bewail;
But is it thy last beam? or is it day
New-dawning, which my spirit longs to hail?

Faith wilt thou prove? or doubt and fear upbraid?
Is it thy will to ruin—or to bless?
Shall the dawn grow to noonday? or the shade
Descend more densely, and thy light suppress?

So spake my heart: the Lord its murmurings heard;
And let it still the lengthen'd anguish bear;
Then, as in forest glades at evening stirr'd,
Some gentle rustling waves the darken'd air,

De même dans mon cœur, d'abord faible et confuse,
En sons demi-voilés une voix s'éleva :
Ingrat, me disait-elle, ingrat ! ton âme accuse
Le Dieu tout bon qui la sauva !

Ton infidélité le déclare infidèle,
Et dans ce même instant où ton cœur le trahit,
Dans le fond de ce cœur, obstinément rebelle,
C'est lui qui soupire et gémit.

A ton esprit superbe il faut plus de lumière !
Mais dans ta nuit première il pouvait te laisser ;
Et dans la même nuit, il pouvait, téméraire,
Te redescendre et t'enfoncer.

Ah ! jouis du rayon que sa bonté te laisse ;
Accepte avec amour l'épreuve de ta foi :
Attends ; le jour approche où sa haute sagesse
Se rendra visible pour toi.

Un rayon te suffit ; tant d'autres n'ont pas même
Ce rayon bienfaiteur pour assurer leurs pas !
Ah ! demande pour eux à l'Arbitre suprême
Le bien qui ne te manque pas.

Des doutes importuns assiègent ta pensée :
Cherche, examine, prie et bénis le Seigneur,
Lorsque tout s'obscurcit à ta vue abusée,
Excepté la voix du Sauveur.

So, in my soul, a voice, at first confus'd
And weak, in accents half reveal'd arose ;
Ingrate, (it cried) thy spirit hath accus'd
The Fount of goodness—whence all mercy flows.

Thy unbelief infers thy God untrue ;
Yet e'en while thus thy heart his grace belies,
Within that secret heart, rebellious too,
His mercy pleads, his Holy Spirit sighs.

Yes, thy proud spirit claims a clearer light ;
But, inborn darkness might have been thy doom ;
E'en now, O rash one, in that rayless night
He could thy soul incarcerate, entomb.

Improve, enjoy, the ray his grace supplies ;
Accept with love faith's trial-hours severe ;
Wait ;—for the day draws nigh when his all-wise
And gracious guidance brightly shall appear.

Enough one ray ;—what myriads ne'er possess'd
That healing ray their dubious course to guide !
O from the Fount of life for them request
That beam which to thy faith is ne'er denied.

Importunate doubts thy darkling mind assail ;
Search, prove, then supplicate thy faith's increase ;
Though hope may languish, and assurance fail,
Trust in the Saviour's word, still whispering peace !

Que je sens à la fois de honte et d'allégresse
Quand ta voix, ô mon Dieu, m'accuse et me reprend !
Je sens que j'ai failli ; mais parmi ma tristesse,
Je sens que je suis ton enfant.

Je veux ce que tu veux, ô Sagesse profonde !
De doutes ténébreux que je marche entouré :
Ton doux rayon me luit dans les sentiers du monde ;
Que je le voie, et je vivrai !

Chants Chrétiens.

How deep my 'abasement—yet what joy I gain—
As thy voice chides this heart, so oft beguiled ;
I mourn my failures, but, amidst my pain,
The child so humbled, Lord—is yet thy child.

I will what Thou wilt, Wisdom Infinite!
Still with dark doubts environ'd let me roam,
Thy one beam aids me through this mortal night,
And leads me to the splendours of thy home.

Collection used by French Protestants.

CANTIQUE IV.

Du rocher de Jacob toute l'œuvre est parfaite :
Ce que sa bouche a dit sa main l'accomplira.
Alléluia ! Alléluia !
Car il est notre Dieu, notre haute retraite.

[Del forte di Giacobbe
Tutta perfetta è l'opra,
Del labbro il detto a compiere
La man possente adopra.
Alleluia, Alleluia !
Poichè egli è nostro Dio,
Nostro rifugio egli è.]

C'est pour l'éternité que le Seigneur nous aime ;
Sa grâce en notre cœur jamais ne cessera.
Alléluia ! Alléluia !
Car il est notre espoir, notre bonheur suprême.

[Egli il Signore l'Eterno,
C'ama di eterno amore ;
La grazia ond' ei convalida
Mai verrà meno al cuore :
Alleluia, Alleluia !
Poich' egli è nostra speme,
Supremo ben egli è.]

HYMN IV.

OUR God is Israel's rock ; his work is perfect ; still,
Each promise of his lips to verify
Avails his sovereign will.
Hallělu-jàh, to Him most high !
For Jehovah is our God,
Our mighty fortress He !

He, Jehovah, the Eternal, loveth with unending love ;
And the grace with which He strengthens, ne'er shall from
our hearts remove ;
Hallělu-jàh—to Him most high !
All our hopes on Him rely ;
Our good supreme is He !

De tous nos ennemis il sait quel est le nombre ;
Son bras combat pour nous et nous délivrera.
Alléluia ! Alléluia !

Les méchants devant lui s'enfuiront comme une ombre.

[E de' nemici nostri
Tutte le schiere ha note :
Sorga alla pugna, e liberi
Farne il suo braccio puote.
Alleluia, Alleluia !
L' iniquo al suo cospetto
Com' ombra svanirà.]

Notre sépulcre aussi connaîtra sa victoire :
Sa voix au dernier jour nous ressuscitera.
Alléluia ! Alléluia !

Pour nous, ses rachetés, la mort se change en gloire.

[E nel sepolcro istesso
Saprem la sua vittoria ;
Ch' ei ne dirà : levatevi,
Nel dì della sua gloria.
Alleluia, Alleluia !
E a noi redenti, in vita
La morte cangierà.]

Louons donc l'Éternel, notre Dieu, notre Père,
Le Seigneur est pour nous : contre nous qui sera ?
Alléluia ! Alléluia !

Triomphons en Jésus, et vivons pour lui plaire.

He hath known all our cruel foe's array ;
Let him once rise to war, his arm shall make us free.
Hallělu-jàh—to Him most high !
His be the praise and victory ;
The wicked from his searching eye
Like shadows melt away.

E'en the dark grave shall magnify his power ;
His voice shall bid the ransom'd dust arise,
In his own glorious advent-hour,
With rapturous surprise !
Hallělu-jàh ! the Lord most high
Hath foil'd the grave's brief victory :
Stern Death's destruction He !

[Lode all' Eterno, lode
A lui, chi è Dio, chi è Padre!
Chi contro noi, s' Ei vigila,
Dalle celesti squadre?
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Nel Christo si trionfi,
E fidi a lui viviam.]

Praise ye the' Eternal, Him, our Father, praise :
If He be for us, who, ah, who,
Against us can a mortal warfare raise,
Or his great work undo ?
Hallëlu-jàh ! to Him most high !
In Christ we triumph, and anew
To him devote our days.

Collection used by French Protestants. A version in Italian, used by the Vaudois at Turin, has been added ; and the English translation is framed chiefly on this latter.



TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ITALIAN.

SONETTO I.

FORSE perchè d'altrui pietà mi vegna,
 Perchè dell' altrui colpe io più non rida,
 Seguendo mal sicura e falsa guida,
 Caduta è l'alma che fu già sì degna.

Sotto qual debba ricovrare insegna
 Non so, Signor, se la tua non m'affida !
 Temo al tumulto dell' avverse strida
 Perire, ove'l tuo amor non mi sostegna.

La tua carne, il tuo sangue, e quella estrema
 Doglia che ti diè morte, il mio peccato
 Purghi in ch'io nacqui, e nacque il padre mio.

Tu solo il puoi, la tua pietà suprema
 Soccorra al mio dolente iniquo stato,
 Sì presso a morte, e sì lontan da Dio.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

SONNET I.

BETRAY'D by sense, that false and perilous guide,
 My soul hath sunk from her celestial aim :
 Perchance, that I might pity where I blame ;
 And ne'er henceforth another's fall deride.

Beneath what banner can I stand again,
 Except in thine, O Saviour, I confide ?
 I tremble, 'midst the foe's tumultuous tide
 To perish quite, unless thy love sustain.

Let thy own bloodshedding—the pangs extreme
 Of thy Divine oblation, Lord, efface
 My sinful stains, my inbred misery !

Thou only canst. O let thy love supreme
 Relieve my sins and woes with heavenly grace,
 Who am so close to death, so far from Thee !

SONETTO II.

SCARCO d'una importuna e grave salma,
 Signore eterno, e dal mondo disciolto,
 Qual fragil legno, a te stanco mi volto
 Dall' orribil procella in dolce calma.

Le spine, i chiodi, e l'una e l'altra palma,
 Col tuo benigno umil lacero volto,
 Prometton grazia di pentirsi molto,
 E speme di salute alla trist' alma.

Non miri con giustizia il divin lume
 Mio fallo, o l'oda il tuo sacro orecchio,
 Nè in quel sì volga il braccio tuo severo.

Tuo sangue lavi l'empio mio costume,
 E più m'abbondi, quanto io son più vecchio,
 Di pronta aita e di perdono intero.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

SONNET II.

RELEAS'D from the sore load my soul hath borne,
Eternal King, and from the world set free,
Like a frail bark, I, wearied, turn to Thee,
From the dire storm, reposing while I mourn.

The thorns, the nails, the gentle hands so torn,
The face benignly meek, yet blood besprent,
All promise grace with fervour to repent,
And speak salvation to my soul forlorn.

Let not thine eye, in awful justice grave,
Behold my trespass, nor thine ear attend ;
Nor hither turn thy forceful arm severe !

But let thy blood my sullied vesture lave,
And amply grant, while in old age I bend,
Thy prompt, full pardon,—for stern Death is near.

SONETTO III.

MENTRE m'attrista e duol, parte m'è caro
 Ciascun pensier ch'a memoria mi riede
 Del tempo andato, e che ragion mi fiede
 De' dì perduti, onde non è riparo.

Caro m'è sol, perch' anzi morte imparo
 Quant' ogni uman diletto ha corta fede;
 Tristo m'è, ch'a trovar grazia e mercede,
 Negli ultimi anni, a molte colpe è raro.

Chè, bench' alle promesse tue s'attenda,
 Sperar forse, Signore, e troppo ardire,
 Ch'ogni soperchio indugio amor perdoni.

Ma pur nel sangue tuo par si comprenda,
 S'egual per noi non ebbe il tuo martire,
 Ch'oltre a misura sian tuoi cari doni.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

SONNET III.

How deeply sad, and yet in part how dear,
Each musing thought that to my memory brings
Time gone ; though reason chides me, hat its wings
Bore hence lost days, no more to reappear.

Dear ; for thus, ere I die, the truth grows clear,
Life's joys and treasures all are brief and vain :
Sad ; since how rare for one thy grace to' obtain,
Laden with sins prolong'd till life's last year.

Albeit on thy sure promise I recline,
It may be, Lord, my hope too boldly dreams
That latest guilt shall not thy love repel.

Yet still thy blood proclaims with voice Divine—
If matchless was the anguish that redeems,
Why not Love's triumphs measureless as well ?

SONETTO IV.

DEH ! fammiti vedere in ogni loco,
Chè, se infiammar dal tuo lume mi sento,
Ogni altro ardor nell' alma mia fia spento,
Per sempre accesa viver nel tuo foco.

Io te chiamo, Signor, te solo invoco
Contro l'inutil mio cieco tormento ;
Tu mi rinnuova in sen col pentimento
Le voglie, e'l senno e'l valor ch'è sì poco.

Tu desti al tempo l'anima ch'è diva,
E in questa spoglia sì fragile e stanca
La incarcerasti, e desti al suo destino.

Tu la nutri, e sostieni, e tu l'avviva ;
Ogni ben senza te, Signor, le manca ;
La sua salute è sol poter divino.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

SONNET IV.

AH, Lord, at all times let me Thee discern ;
That when thy inner sunlight warms my heart,
Each earthborn flame may languish and depart,
And in my soul thy sacred Brightness burn !

On Thee I call ; to Thee alone I turn,
From sin's fell sting sole Refuge and relief ;
O renovate in me, with penitent grief,
The wise and strong resolves I fail to learn !

Thou gav'st to time and sense the heavenborn soul,
And in this fragile, weak, and weary frame
Didst thus inhume—its destin'd lot to' endure.

O nourish it, sustain and make it whole,—
Its weal without Thee is an empty name,—
From Thee must spring its true immortal cure !

SONETTO V.

BEN sarian dolci le preghiere mie,
 Se virtù mi prestassi da pregarte ;
 Nel mio terreno infertil non è parte
 Da produr frutto di virtù natie.

Tu il seme se' dell' opre giuste e pie,
 Che là germoglian dove ne fai parte ;
 Nessun proprio valor può seguitarte,
 Se non gli mostri le tue belle vie.

Tu nella mente mia pensieri infondi
 Che producano in me sì vivi effetti,
 Signor, ch'io segua i tuoi vestigj santi ;

E dalla lingua mia chiari e facondi
 Sciogli della tua gloria ardenti detti,
 Perchè sempre io ti lodi, esalti, e canti.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

SONNET V.

How sweet were my approaches to thy throne,
If Thou wouldst grant true energy for prayer ;
This sterile heart, unless thy grace it share,
No precious fruits of love and zeal can own.

By Thee let seeds of holiness be sown,
Which there will germinate where mercy flows ;
In nature's wild no ripening harvest grows :
All hallow'd aims and acts are thine alone !

Through my whole soul infuse the thoughts which soar
To Thee, and all its languid powers impel,
Thy sinless footsteps, Saviour, to pursue ;

So from this tongue let grateful accents pour ;
Unloos'd, the strains of ardent joy to swell,
Hymning thy praise in anthems ever new !

SONETTO VI.

Non è più bassa o vil cosa terrena
 Di quel che, senza te, misero, io sono ;
 Onde nel lungo error chiede perdono
 La debile mia 'nferma e stanca lena.

Porgimi, alto Signor, quella catena
 Che seco annoda ogni celeste dono ;
 La fede, dico, a cui mi volgo e sprono,
 Fuggendo il senso ch'a perir mi mena.

Tanto mi fia maggior quanto è più raro
 Dei doni il dono : e maggior fia se, senza,
 Pace e contento il mondo in se non have.

Per questa il fonte sol del pianto amaro
 Mi può nascer nel cor di penitenza,
 Nè'l ciel si schiude a noi con altra chiave.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

SONNET VI.

THERE is no earthly thing more vile or vain,
Than, without Thee, the hapless wanderer—I ;
Oh, midst my baseness and my penury,
Let these faint faltering cries thy pardon gain !

Lend me, O Lord most high, the sacred chain
To which is link'd each grace that heaven inspires ;
That faith to which I lift my soul's desires,
Abjuring sense and sin, our mortal bane.

More dear and precious, as more rare, appears
That boon of boons ; without it no repose,
Or true content, has this low world supplied ;

By it alone the fount of penitent tears
Is open'd, and in contrite streams o'erflows ;
Thy home, thy heaven, unlocks no key beside.

SONETTO VII

SE spesso avvien che'l gran desir prometta
Molti lieti anni ai miei passati, ancora,
Manco m'è cara, e più m'è grave ognora
Tanto la vita quanto più diletta.

E che più vita, e che gioir s'aspetta ?
Gioia terrena con lunga dimora,
Contento uman che sì l'alme innamora,
Tanto più nuoce quanto più n'alletta.

Però quando tua grazia in me rinnuova
Fede, ed amor, con quello ardente zelo
Che vince 'l mondo, e l'alma fa sicura,

Quando più scarco tua pietà mi trova,
Stendi tua santa mano a trarmi al cielo ;
Che in uman cuor giusto voler non dura.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

SONNET VII.

IF my too sanguine wishes oft foretell
 Some added years more joyous than before,
 Yet the less dear, and serious yet the more
 Is life, thus prone with vain delight to swell.

Why more of days? and why on pleasures dwell?
 Pleasures terrene, with long and dark delays?
 When worldly joy but flatters and betrays
 The heart, that loves its soft deceits too well.

So when thy grace within me shall augment
 True faith, pure love, and meekly fervent zeal
 The world to vanquish and thy joys ensure;

When my freed spirit toward thy heaven is bent,—
 Then soon let welcome death those mercies seal;
 For perfect goodness here can ne'er endure.

SONETTO VIII.

GIUNTO è già'l corso della vita mia
 Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca
 Al comun porto, ov'a render si varca
 Giusta ragion d'ogni opra trista e pia ;

Onde l'affettuosa fantasia,
 Che l'arte si fece idolo e monarca,
 Conosco ben quant' era d'error carica ;
 Ch'errore è ciò che l'uom quaggiù desia.

Gli amorosi pensier già vani e lieti
 Che fian or s'a due morti m'avvicino ?
 L'una m'è certa, è l'altra mi minaccia.

Nè pinger, nè scolpir fia più che queti
 L'anima volta a quell'amor divino,
 Ch'aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

SONNET VIII.

CLOSING is now my transient life's career,—
A storm-tost voyage, in this vessel frail,
To that last bourne where justice will unveil
The secret annals of this earthly sphere.

Thus now the phantasy, so fond, so dear,
Which made me kindred arts as idols hail,
I own was but an error soon to fail,
For error is the choice of mortals here.

What profit now vain passion's lure or smile,
If to the twofold death my being sink,
Sure of the first, and of the last in dread?

Nor painting now nor sculpture can beguile
The soul,—embracing, on death's awful brink,
Love's arms for us upon the Cross outspread.

ELEGIA.

GIA piansi e sospirai, misero tanto
 Ch' io ne credei per sempre ogni dolore
 Coi sospiri esalar, versar col pianto.
 Ma morte al fonte di cotal umore
 Le radici e le vene ognora impingua,
 E duol rinnova all' alma e pena al cuore.
 Dunque in un punto sol parta e distingua
 Due querele amarissime per voi
 Altro pianto, altra penna, e altra lingua.
 Di te, fratel, di te che d'ambi noi
 Genitor fosti, amor mi sprona e stringe,
 Nè so qual doglia più m'affliga e annoi.
 La memoria l'un prima mi dipinge,
 L'altro vivo scolpisce in mezzo al seno
 Nuova pietà che di pallor mi tinge.

E ver ch'all' alto empireo sereno
 Tornati, com' amor mi persuade,
 Ho da quetar l'affanno ond'io son pieno.
 Ingiusto è 'l duol che dentro un petto cade
 Per chi riporta a Dio la propria messe,
 Sciolto dal mondo e da sue torte strade.

ELEGY.

(ON THE DEATHS OF A FATHER AND A BROTHER.)

ALREADY had I so much wept and sigh'd
 That I believ'd even my uttermost woe
 Exhal'd in sighing and in weeping dried :
 But death, redoubled, swells the gloomy flow
 From these deep founts of sorrow ; points anew
 The keenness of those griefs that pierce my heart,
 While tears, pen, tongue, combine in sad review
 The sharp bereavements in their twofold smart.
 With thee, my brother ; and, my sire, with thee—
 Parent of both—deep love my heart entwines ;
 Nor know I which pain more o'ermastereth me.
 Now memory paints the first in vivid lines,
 Then, pale with grief, my filial piety
 Engraves our father's form, and in this soul enshrines.

'Tis true, that in celestial heights serene,
 Where love assures me the belov'd ones rest,
 I find a hope consoling, though unseen.
 'Twere ill that cureless woe should rack the breast
 When souls to God their ripen'd harvest bear,
 Releas'd from earth, and earth's perplexing care.

Ma qual core è crudel, che non piangesse,
Non dovendo veder di quà più mai
Chi gli diè l'esser pria, nutrillo, e resse?
Nostri intesi dolori, e nostri guai
Son come più o men ciascun gli sente,
E quanto io debil sia, Signor, tu 'l sai.
E se pur l'alma alla ragion consente,
Sì duro è 'l fren per cui l'affanno ascondo,
Che'n farle forza più mi fo dolente.
E se 'l pensier nel quale io mi profondo,
Non mi mostrasse al fin ch'oggi tu ridi
Del morir che temesti in questo mondo,
Conforto non avrei ; ma i duri stridi
Temprati son d'una credenza ferma
Ch'uom ben vissuto, a morte in ciel s'annidi.
Nostro intelletto dalla carne inferma
È tanto oppresso, che 'l morir più spiace,
Quanto più 'l falso persuaso afferma.

Novanta volte l'annua sua face
Ha 'l sol nell' ocean bagnata e molle
Pria che sii giunto alla divina pace.
Or ch' a nostra miseria il ciel ti tolle,
Increscati di me che morto vivo,
Se 'l ciel per te quaggiù nascer mi volle.
Tu se' del morir morto, e fatto divo,
Nè temi or più cangiar vita ne voglia,
Che quasi senza invidia non lo scrivo.

Yet cruel were the heart that would not mourn
When doom'd no more his love on earth to share,
By whom life dawn'd, was nurtur'd, cheer'd, upborne !
Our pains and crosses fix'd or transient are
As soft emotions heighten or decay.
But mine how weakly tender, Lord, is known
To Thee, discernor of all hearts, alone.
And if they bend to reason's rigid sway,
So hard is then the curb which grief restrains,
That in its stern restraint my soul the more complains.
Did not deep, earnest thought persuade me so
That there thou smil'st at Death—once dreaded king—
Vain were all solace ; but now sharpest woe
Is temper'd by the faith unquestioning
That vanish'd saints a heavenly rest obtain.
Yet oft our fleshly load high hopes can quell,
And still, if false suspicions blindly reign,
The more must gloomy death the shrinking heart repel.

Through ninety winters did the sun's decline
His radiant orb in the cold ocean lave,
Ere thou couldst reach thy goal of peace divine.
Now, when Heaven shields thee from the stormy wave,
Mourn thou for me whom dying life still binds,
(Since by Heaven's will that life to Thee I owe,)
Whilst thou, from death releas'd, 'midst heavenly minds,
Canst ne'er that deathless life and love forego ;
And my heart sighs to join thee, as my numbers flow.

Fortuna e tempo dentro a vostra soglia
Non tenta trapassar, per cui s'adduce
Infra dubbia letizia certa doglia.
Nube non è ch'oscuri vostra luce,
L'ore distinte a voi non fanno forza,
Caso o necessità non vi conduce.
Vostro splendor per notte non s'ammorza,
Nè cresce mai per giorno benchè chiaro,
E quando'l sol più suo calor rinforza.
Nel tuo morire il mio morire imparo,
Padre felice, e nel pensier ti veggio
Dove 'l mondo passar ne fa di raro.
Non è, com'alcun crede, morte il peggio
A chi l'ultimo dì trascende al primo,
Per grazia eterna, appresso al divin seggio;
Dove, la Dio mercè, ti credo e stimo,
E spero di veder, s'el freddo cuore
Mia ragion tragge dal terrestre limo.
E se tra'l padre e'l figlio ottimo amore
Cresce nel ciel, crescendo ogni virtute,
Rendendo gloria al mio divin fattore,
Goderò con la mia la tua salute.

MICHEL-ANGELO.

Fortune and time, which still are mingling here
Our dubious gladness with undoubted pains,
Can seek no entrance to that glorious sphere.
No envious cloud obscures its blissful plains ;
No fleeting hours to vanish'd hope compel ;
No needs, no hazards, wear your joys away ;
Your splendour there no sullen night shall quell,
Nor asks it fervours from the sun's faint ray.
Yes ; by thy blessed death I learn to die,
My sainted father ; and in thought pursue
Thee to that realm of light which worldlings scarce descry.
Death is not, as they dream, a dark adieu
For him whose final day the first excels ;
Thro' heavenly grace brought near the' Eternal Sire,
Where, thanks to Him, I feel thy spirit dwells,
And hope to see thee, if his holy fire
Cleanse this cold heart at length, reclaim'd from earthly mire.
And if a parent's and a child's best love
Augment in heaven, where every grace must grow,
Thy joy with mine shall heighten bliss above,
And all the praise be his who made and lov'd us so.

SONETTO IX.

DEH! sarà mai quel giorno, in cui sicuro
 Padre Divino, del tuo perdono io sia?
 Si spaventevol dubbio al alma mia
 Verso un Padre sì buon—ahi troppo è duro.

Ma pur non soffre il mio peccato impuro
 Che facil pace il traditor si dia,
 E non merto pietà di colpa ria,
 Che rimesser vorrei, pianger non curo.

Forse il dubbio per freno a me conviene,
 Che all' uomo pellegrin non si conface
 Vivere in sicurtà d'un tanto bene.

Pieghasi al tuo voler mia brama audace,
 Sia cammino di prova amar con pene
 Che beato riposo è amar con pace.

CARLO MAGGI.

SONNET IX.

AH ! Holy Lord, will e'er that daybreak shine,
Which of thy grace shall quite my soul assure ?
These fearful doubtings which I yet endure
Toward my best Father,—tempt me to repine.

But my deep guilt forbids that peace be mine
Unbrokenly,—albeit thy grace is sure.
Well may the clouds of sin that peace obscure,
Till tearful penitence my soul refine.

Methinks these fears in kind restraint are meant,
That so, half dubious of so vast a gain,
The contrite pilgrim from self-will may cease.

Oh, to thy will let rash desires be bent,
And thus the arduous path of love and pain
Endear the blissful home of love and peace !

SONETTO X.

ANIMA mia, di tua viltade oppressa,
 Perche s'è cara a Dio, si ti contristi?
 Dio vuol amore, e tu all' amor resisti,
 Che cessa amor ove fidanza cessa.

Pensa del regno eterno alla promessa,
 Che qui del nulla ad aspettar venisti,
 Le forze ch'ei ti die perche il conquisti
 In su la cetra al tuo Signor confessa.

Egli ti parla ognor' di sua bontade,
 Deh! non t'amareggiar con tua tristezza
 La manna che dal ciel s'è dolce cade.

Piangi le colpe sì—ma'l pianto avezza
 Colla speranza—Il dimandar pietade
 Ov'è sì gran pietade, è gran dolcezza.

CARLO MAGGI.

SONNET X.

SOUL, by thy deep demerit sore distress'd,
 Dear to thy Lord—ah ! why by woe subdued ?
 He asks thy love :—but thou wouldst love exclude :
 For love must fail, if hope forsake the breast !

Muse on the promise of eternal rest
 To thee, whom late from nothingness He drew ;
 And let the strength He gives that prize to sue
 Be in warm strains of grateful praise confess'd !

His loving kindness still invites and cheers ;
 Oh, cease to embitter with despondent tears
 The manna which impearls his mercy-seat !

Weep for thy sin—but mitigate thy grief
 With blessed hope : to' implore a full relief
 Where pity hath no bounds, itself is sweet.

SONETTO XI.

I'vo piangendo i miei passati tempi
I quai posi in amar cosa mortale
Senza levarmi a volo, avend'io l'ale,
Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.

Tu che vedi i miei mali indegni ed empi,
Re del cielo, invisibile, immortale,
Soccorri all'alma disviata e frale,
E'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi:

Sicchè, s'io vissi in guerra ed in tempesta,
Mora in pace ed in porto ; e se la stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.

A quel poco di viver che m'avanza,
Ed al morir degni esser tua man presta ;
Tu sai ben, che'n altrui non ò speranza.

PETRARCA.

SONNET XI.

WEEPING, I still revolve the seasons flown
 In vain idolatry of mortal things ;
 Not soaring heavenward ; though my soul had wings
 Which might, perchance, a glorious flight have shown.

O Thou, Discerner of the guilt I own,
 Donor of life immortal, King of kings,
 Heal Thou the wounded heart which conscience stings ;—
 It looks for refuge only to thy throne.

Thus, although life was warfare and unrest,
 Be death the haven of peace ; and if my day
 Was vain—yet make the parting moment blest !

Through this brief remnant of my earthly way,
 And in death's billows, be thy hand confess'd ;
 Full well Thou know'st, this hope is all my stay !

SONETTO XII.

Non de' temer del mondo affanni o guerra
 Colui ch'ave col ciel tranquilla pace.
 Che nuoce il gielo a quel ch'entro la face
 Del calor vero si rinchiude e serra ?

Non preme il grave peso della terra
 Lo spirito che vola alto e vivace ;
 Nè fan biasmo l'ingiurie all' uom che tace,
 E prega più per chi più pecca ed erra ;

Non giova saettar presso o lontano
 Torre fondata in questa viva pietra
 Ch'ogni edificio uman rende sicuro ;

Nè tender reti con accorta mano
 Fra l'aer basso, paludoso, e scuro
 Contra l'augel che sopra'l ciel penetra.

VICTORIA COLONNA.

SONNET XII.

HE the world's vexing warfare needs not dread,
Whom peace celestial shelters from the foe.
What icy blast can chill, if the soft glow
Of Heaven's true sunlight round his path be shed !

Earth's heaviest load shall not o'erwhelm his head
Whose fervent soul to heights Divine would soar :
Nor wrongs can wound him, who but prays the more,
In silent grief, for hearts by sin misled.

Vainly shall venom'd darts the tower assail
Rear'd on that living and eternal Rock,
Which can alone make man's frail structures sure.

The bird upborne from some deep cloudy vale,
Each crafty snare of enmity can mock
Spread there for her, who floats in ether pure.

SONETTO XIII.

SE con l'armi celesti avess'io vinto
 Me stessa, i sensi, e la ragione umana,
 Andrei con alto spirito alta e lontana
 Dal mondo e dal suo onor falso dipinto.

Sull'ali della fede il pensier cinto
 Di speme omai non più caduca e vana,
 Sarebbe fuor di questa valle insana
 Da verace virtute alzato e spinto.

Ben ho già fermo l'occhio al miglior fine
 Del nostro corso ; ma non volo ancora
 Per lo destro sentier salda e leggiera.

Veggio i segni del sol, scorgo l'aurora ;
 Ma per li sacri giri alle divine
 Stanze non entro in quella luce vera.

VICTORIA COLONNA.

SONNET XIII.

IF with heaven's armour I had quite subdued
 This self, these rebel senses, reason's pride,
 Then should I soar, exalted, purified,
 Above the world's false fame and painted good.

Borne on the wings of faith, with hope imbued
 Unfading and to heavenly joys allied,
 I should escape each vain deluding guide,
 With real goodness bless'd, adorn'd, renew'd.

Already are mine eyes uprais'd and drawn
 Toward the true goal ; but ah, not yet my course
 Firm, swift, uncumber'd, in the heavenly way !

I see bright tokens of the blessed dawn :
 Oh that, impell'd and urg'd by sacred force,
 I might press heavenward to the Fount of day !

SONETTO XIV.

DIVINA PROVVIDENZA.

QUAL madre i figli con pietoso affetto
 Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davante,
 E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,
 Uno tien sui ginocchi, un sulle piante :

E mentre agli atti, ai gemiti, all'aspetto
 Lor voglie intende sì diverse e tante,
 A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,
 E se ride o s' adira, è sempre amante ;

Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita
 Veglia, e questi conforta, e quei provvede,
 E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti aita ;

E se niega talor grazia o mercede,
 O niega sol perchè a pregar ne invita,
 O negar finge, e nel negar concede.

FILICAIA.

SONNET XIV.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

EVEN as a mother on her filial train
 Gazing,—o'er each with melting kindness yearns,
 On one brow prints a kiss, and clasps by turns
 One on her knee, one whom her feet sustain ;

Quick from each gesture, look, or sigh, to gain
 Their meanings, all their wishes she discerns,
 And now a glance or gentle word returns
 Where, both in smiles and chidings, love must reign :

So, for us all, thy Providence benign
 Doth watch, and solace these, and those upbear ;
 To each that asks the' omniscient ear incline,

And, if some gifts besought withholden are,
 Delays them but to prompt intenser prayer,
 Or, 'midst denial, yields the most divine.

SONETTO XV.

ATTO DI CONTRIZIONE.

SIGNOR, peccai : ma se tremante e fioco
 Chieggio aita e mi pento, e se d'amari
 Fonti non son questi miei lumi avari,
 Poco è questo, e se'l cuor fo in pezzi, è poco.

Fei l'uom (dicesti), e'l disfarò, nè a gioco
 Il dicesti ; e gli ostacoli e i ripari
 Rotti allor furo, e cavalcaro i mari
 Gli eccelsi gioghi, e mancò all'acque il loco.

Forza è dunque, che'l ferro del dolore
 Il cor mi franga, e tanto il triti e pesti,
 Che non possa altri dir ; Fu questi un core.

Ed uom novello, allor fia ch'io detesti
 L'uom vecchio ; figlio del tuo santo amore
 Cuor nuovo e nuovo spirito in me si desti.

FILICAIA.

SONNET XV.

ACT OF CONTRITION.

LORD, I have sinn'd ; and if on Thee I call,
 Faint, trembling, penitent,—if these eyes shall quite
 Dissolve in ceaseless weeping, all is slight ;
 Nay, if this heart quite break, the gift how small !

Thine ancient word was—man, the criminal,
 Shall perish ! then earth's bars, 'midst wild affright,
 Crash'd ;—and dark ocean-floods, in awful might,
 Roll'd o'er the mountains ; man's terrific pall !

Thus needs perforce the iron crush of woe
 Whelm all my heart, and with contrition bruise,
 Till none can e'en pronounce—a heart was here :—

Thus let the new-created man be foe
 To the' old ; a child whom heavenly love renews,
 Whom thy blest Spirit still shall guide and cheer.

SONETTO XVI.

RACCOGLIMENTO IN SE STESSO.

IN quella età che suol di se fidarsi,
 E creder sempre a consiglier non fidi,
 L'alma, in più parti dissipata, io vidi
 Di piacer in piacer sempre avanzarsi.

Pur mi piacque l'errar ; ne fin ch'io sparsi
 Di neve i crini, dell'error m'avvidi :
 Meco allora mi strinsi, e me rividi
 Altr'uom da quello che gran tempo apparsi ;

E quanto invecchio più, tanto più dentro
 All cuor restringo le virtù smarrite
 E in me stesso via più mi riconcentro.

Che le sparse poc' anzi e disunate
 Linee de' pensier, di morte al centro
 Quanto s'accostan più, più vanno unite.

FILICAIA.

SONNET XVI.

SELF-RECOLLECTION.

IN buoyant days of young self-confidence
And credulous trust in counsels that misled,
This mind, the sport of passion, lov'd to tread
Each tempting path which fascinates the sense.

The labyrinth charm'd me : nor emerg'd I thence
Till snows of age began these brows to o'erspread ;
Then new constraint my spirit visited,
Chang'd from that erring self, and youth's offence.

And still, as years steal on, the more are sought,
Within my sorrowing heart, the virtues lost ;
On this great aim now dwells my earnest thought.

The musings which false joys could once exhaust,
Concentring in the invisible ; and taught
This to revolve till death's cold stream be cross'd.

SONETTO XVII.

FEDE IN DIO NELLE DISGRAZIE.

SORDA dell'aure al lusing hiero invito,
 Movea guardingo il piè mia fragil nave;
 E non credendo a venticel soave,
 Radea l'un remo i flutti, e l'altro il lito,

Quand' ecco in mar d'affanni alto infinito,
 Turbo mi spinge impetuoso e grave.
 Fugge ogni sponda, e l'arte arte non have
 Sotto povero ciel di rai sfornito.

Onde qual se di là dal nostro suolo
 Perde l'Orse il nocchiero, altro già vede
 Astro nuove apparir sotto altro polo;

Tal, poichè raggio di mortal mercede
 Più a me non luce, in Dio m'affiso, e solo
 Guida e regge il mio corso astro di Fede.

FILICAIA.

SONNET XVII.

FAITH IN GOD AMIDST DISASTERS.

DEAF to those flattering zephyrs from the strand,
 My fragile skiff with cautious foot I steer'd,
 And, softest gales distrusting as they veer'd,
 With this oar touch'd the wave, with that the sand.

But ah, in life's dark main, on either hand,
 Now tempests smite me, pitiless and sore ;
 The beach flees far, and skill is skill no more,
 Beneath these skies with densest gloom o'erspann'd !

Yet as to Austral seas the pilot sails,
 Losing all northern lights in that far zone,
 Yet there a cloudless, brilliant pole-star hails,

So I, when meteor-gleams of earth are gone,
 Fix on God's Holy Light which never fails ;
 And guide my course by faith's pure aim alone.

SONETTO XVIII.

ALLA VERITÀ.

D'INSTABIL padre o sempre stabil figlia,
 Bella figlia del tempo, al ciel diletta,
 Del cui sguardo la splendida saetta
 L'ombre del falso impiaga, apre e scompiglia,

Forte tu, se in te fiso ambo le ciglia,
 Sei solo allor che sei più nuda e schietta ;
 Quasi spada che al vento i colpi getta,
 Se da sua nudità forza non piglia.

E come incontro al fier Golia sol prese
 Limpide pietre, e disarmato e scinto
 Alla gran pugna il Pastorel discese,

Sì mentre il Falso di tutt'arme cinto,
 Guerra ti fa ; se un limpido e cortese
 Tuo sguardo in fronte il ripercuote, hai vinto.

FILICAIA.

SONNET XVIII.

TO TRUTH.

OF fleeting sire, O child immutable,
 Truth, progeny of Time, by Heaven belov'd,
 The steadfast splendour of whose gaze unmov'd
 Can each false phantom smite, rebuke, repel ;

Mighty, when on thyself mine eyes can dwell,
 Each cumbrous guise and ornature remov'd.
 So the keen sword, which, sheath'd, is all unprov'd,
 With naked flash must the stern foeman quell.

As whilom toward that vaunting Philistine,
 The Hebrew stripling dar'd unarm'd to' advance,
 Gathering from limpid rill the polish'd stone,

So, when proud Falsehood in bright mail may shine.
 And on thee war,—smite with thy tranquil glance
 His giant brow—the triumph is thy own !

SONETTO XIX.

IN OCCASIONE DELLE NEVI.

NEVI caduche, veritieri specchi
 Di nostra vita, oh come in voi discerno
 Quelle cui sparse anticipato inverno
 Sovra 'l mio crine, ond'io per tempo invecchi !

Forza è dunque ch'io pensi e m'apparecchi
 A cambiar tosto il fragil coll'eterno ;
 Che chi, trafitto da gran duolo interno
 Muore pria di morir, non fia che pecchi.

Ed oh quanto è simil nostra sciagura !
 Un sol fiato disfà, stempra e dissolve
 Ambo, ed ambo il disfarsi han per natura :

Che mentr'io parlo, il ciel s'aggira et volve ;
 E un moto istesso con egual misura
 Voi strugge in acqua, e me riduce in polve.

FILICAIA.

SONNET XIX.

IN A TIME OF SNOW.

YE transient snow-flakes, veritable glass
 Of our frail life, to you do I compare
 This early whiteness sprinkled on my hair,
 Foreboding age ere yet my manhood pass.

You urge my soul to meditate, alas !
 The fleeting here, the ever-during there ;
 To mourn for sin, and for that life prepare,
 While this soon withereth as the flower of grass.

O solemn likeness in our lot below !
 A sudden blast your forms and ours dissolves ;
 Snow-flake and mortal man soon vanish must ;

E'en while I write, time's cycles onward flow ;
 The lapse of moments in which earth revolves,
 Turns you to water-drops, and me to dust.

SONETTO XX.

ELEVAZIONE DELL' ANIMA A DIO.

SOVRA la bassa region de sensi
 Ver la parte più eccelsa e più sincera,
 Ove al giorno giammai non giugne sera,
 Nè l'aere ingrossa in vapor nevi e densi ;

A contemplar degli attributi immensi
 La serie incomprensibile, ma vera,
 E Dio mirar con sua lucente altera
 Vista (se Dio mirar lice e conviensi),

Su su vieni, alma mia ; l'ardite piume
 Spieghinsi all'aure di pensier celesti,
 Nè più t'aggravi empio mortal costume.

Amor, l'Immenso a misurar, t'appresti
 Nuovo compasso ; e l'invisibil Nume
 Cieca Fede a veder gli occhi ti presti.

FILICAIA.

SONNET XX.

ELEVATION TO GOD.

ABOVE the darkening atmosphere of sense,
 To that supernal heaven of cloudless day,
 Whose noon shall ne'er in twilight shade decay,
 Nor its pure ether yield to vapours dense,

Rise, rise, my soul,—to meditate the' Immense
 And Perfect One ; if creature vision may
 His glory' incomprehensible survey,
 And draw some spark of godlike brightness thence.

Up, up, my spirit, with free pinion sail
 In the calm region of celestial thought ;
 Nor let corrupt affections drag thee down.

Let love to scan the Infinite avail,
 And sightless faith, by heavenly wisdom taught,
 Discern the Saviour God, the deathless crown.

SONETTO XXI.

RIFLESSIONI MORALI.

QUI dove fiume di mortal diletto
 Nuove da ria sorgente acque traea,
 E giane gonfio de' miei danni, e avea
 Per fonte il senso, ed il mio sen per letto ;

Or che per l'alveo del cangiato petto
 Più non corre a inondarmi acqua sì rea,
 Nè questa terra mia, qual già solea,
 Bagnata è più del folle antico affetto ;

Scopro i fondi dell'alma, e sì gli vede
 Guasti e corrosi da quell'empio flutto,
 Che a me ragion contro me stesso io chiedo ;

Ma un dì (chi sa !) da sì arenoso asciutto
 Ingrato suol, se alla mia Fede io credo,
 Forse trarrò d'eterna vita il frutto.

FILICAIA.

SONNET XXI.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

HERE once wild streams of false delight their source
 Betray'd, this feeble heart inundating ;
 Turbid with eddies which vain passions bring ;
 Sense their dark fount ; my breast their barren course.

But now they swell not, nor with harmful force
 In the chang'd channels of this bosom spring ;
 No more my soul, its freedom forfeiting,
 Is whelm'd in thoughts and deeds that wake remorse.

Now, though they shrink—in reason's earnest eye,
 The deep recesses of my soul appear,
 Wasted and marr'd by those ungovern'd streams :

Yet, by my Saviour's grace, perchance this dry
 Ungrateful soil—if genuine faith be here—
 May bear joy's fruits beneath that Saviour's beams.

SONETTO XXII.

MUTAZIONE DI SE STESSO.

MA donde avvien che sì repente io passi
 Dall' un contrario all' altro ? e donde avviene
 Che 'l grande orgoglio dell' antica spene
 Di se vestigio entro 'l mio cor non lassi ?

Forse, siccome con occulti passi
 Gli atomi errando, al alterar si viene
 La testura onde all' un l' altro s' attiene,
 E molle il duro, e duro il molle fassi ;

Così l' odio e l' amor nei nostri petti
 Forma e loco mutando, in noi si cria
 Nuovo istinto a seguir novelli affetti ;

Onde mutato il cor da quel di pria,
 Quel che amò già, sotto diversi aspetti
 Mira, odia e sdegna ; e quel che odiò, desia !

FILICATA

SONNET XXII.

INTERNAL CHANGE.

WHENCE came it so, that suddenly I pass
Through inward lives oppos'd ; and what may cause
This heart, which idoliz'd earth, and earth's applause,
To bear no vestige of what once it was ?

It may be, as in paths abstruse, each class
Of latent atoms by mysterious laws
In deep mutation mix, and without pause,
Sort, hard, dense, rare, alternate thro' the mass,

So, in our bosoms, change desire and hate
Their mode and objects ; and some impulse new
Awakes the soul, diviner aims to' attain ;

Whence, now transmuted from the' anterior state,
What erst it sought it can no more pursue,
But the true good, once loath'd, aspires to gain.

SONETTO XXIII.

MUTAZIONE DI SE STESSO.

MA, folle ! indarno a ricercar mi nuovo
 Sovrumane cagion sotto la luna ;
 E per colpir nel vero, ad una ad una
 L'arme invan degl'ingegno affino e provo.

Così mentre i pensier purgo e rinnovo,
 Ne speme ho più nel falso mondo alcuna,
 Della nuova ch'io godo alta fortuna
 Sento gli effetti, e la cagion non trovo ;

Quando ecco, in vista maestosa e lieta
 L'Onnipotenza, di ragione in vece,
 Mi si fa innanzi, e l'intelletto acqueta ;

Che quando in terra rintracciar non lece
 D'alto portento la cagion segreta,
 E forza il dir : l'Onnipotenza il fece.

FILICATA.

SONNET XXIII.

INTERNAL CHANGE.

O SENSELESS !—vainly might I strive to find,
 By mere sublunar quest, the Cause Supreme ;
 Albeit, in search of truth, more keen may seem
 The brittle point and edge of this frail mind.

If my thoughts, cleans'd, renew'd, to heaven inclin'd,
 This false, illusive world no more esteem ;
 If my rais'd soul with new-felt ardour teem,
 Felt are the' effects, but not the source assign'd :

Till now, in silent gladdening Majesty,
 The Almighty One doth speak, in reason's stead,
 Within my soul, calming unquiet thought ;

“ 'Mid things of earth 'twere hopeless to descry
 The secret power which this great work hath sped ;
 Needs must thou own, it is what God hath wrought ! ”

SONETTO XXIV.

NEL MANCAR DELLA VISTA.

MENTRE del viver mio tramonta il giorno,
 E già s'annottan di quest'occhi i rai,
 Sceman di mole, e più di pregio assai,
 Le frali cose di che'l mondo è adorno.

Ma l'egra vista, di tant'ombre a scorno,
 Gli oggetti eterni a cui finor pensai
 Poco, e che poco scorsi e men prezzei,
 Via più sempre ingrandisce a me d'intorno,

E come a debil lume assai più luce
 Di sculta gemma il raggio, e più si scerne
 Che al forte incontro di sfrenata luce,

Così il debile sguardo alle superne
 Parti me scorge; e l'ombra sua m'adduce
 Meglio a scoprir l'alte bellezze eterne.

FILICAIA.

SONNET XXIV.

ON THE DECAY OF SIGHT.

Now, while the day-dream of my life is o'er,
 And a sad dimness clouds these aged eyes,
 The perishable things that worldlings prize
 Shrink in my sight, and fascinate no more.

But my dim vision, which o'erlook'd before
 The things eternal,—by this heart unwise,
 Not own'd or lov'd,—now glorious hopes deseries,
 Vast and augmenting; and my soul would soar.

Thus, as in fainter light more warmly glows
 The polish'd gem's pure radiance, more discern'd
 Than when invaded by the dazzling noon,—

So doth my drooping frailty more disclose
 Heaven's lustre, and, in deepening shades, hath learn'd
 To watch for glories that shall meet me soon.

IN DIE NATALI CHRISTI.

ANCORA non avea l'eterna voce
 Spiegati i cieli, nè distesa ancora
 Avea la terra, e congregato il mare :
 Nè avvolti ancor di tenebroso velo
 I profondi appariano informi abissi ;
 E i secoli giacean sparsi, e confusi
 D'eternità sotto l'immensa mole,
 E nome non avean, nè penne al tergo ;
 E l'increata incomprendibil prole
 Della mente di Dio 'qual lume in lume
 Vivea del Genitore immagine eterna ;
 E in se chiudendo la sostanza intera
 Del gran Padre immortale,
 Stava presso di Lui,
 Ed era Dio, da cui
 (Fatto il nulla fecondo)
 Ebber forma le cose, e vita il mondo.

L'ampia materia torbida inquieta
 Egli costrinse ad amicizia e pace :
 Nell'universo allora
 A ravvisarsi incominciò natura,

INCARNATION AND NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Not yet the' eternal all-creating voice
 Had spread the heavens abroad, nor fram'd the earth,
 Nor pour'd forth ocean ; with the sable shroud
 Of pristine darkness veil'd, lay all inert
 The formless chaos ; ages, latent still,
 Were whelm'd beneath the vast eternity,
 Nor yet acquir'd the name or wings of time.
 Then the' increate eternal Effluence
 Of the one Mind Divine, as Light in Light
 Dwelt—God's immortal image ; God the Word,
 Involving in himself the Deity
 Of the eternal Father, dwelt in Him ;
 And was the God whose potent mandate gave
 Being to all things, life to the new world.

That mass material, turbid, shapeless, crude,
 Did He constrain to order : then, throughout
 This universe obedient nature own'd
 His sovereignty ; and ancient time's career

E dall'eternità partendo il tempo
Si vide gir presso il camin del sole.
Ei, somma Sapienza, il tutto espone,
E senza il cenno suo nulla comparve.

Poi quando quei felici alti momenti
Che di nostra ventura erano pieni,
Giunsero all'aurea meta, il mondo ei trasse
Dalla legge di morte,
In su la terra venne,
E dentro umane spoglie egli sofferse
Mirare il basso nubiloso giorno,
Nè il povero sdegnò nostro soggiorno.

Anzi di sua divinità consorte
Fè questa nostra umanità mortale
Vestendo il nostro frale,
E gemina natura insieme accolse.
Allora egli si vide
Uomo ad un tempo, e Dio,
E Dio comparve allor, che i suoi portenti,
E i detti suoi lungo il Giordan fioriro,
Ed uomo allor, che ne' funesti giorni
Soffrì legge di sangue, e di martiro.

Or chi già mai potea
Il sovrano spiegarci alto mistero,
Se non chi in mezzo all'ineffabil cena
Posando in grembo al Vero,

Sprang from the' eternal deep ; revolving swift
 And pauseless round the solar central orb ;
 He, sovereign Wisdom, thus develop'd all
 Creation, nor without his bidding aught
 • Began to be.

But when that era blest,
 Pregnant with man's high destinies, arriv'd,
 He, from death's tyranny this fallen world
 Redeeming, stoop'd to earth ; himself abas'd
 In the low guise of frail mortality
 To sojourn in this cloudy sphere, nor scorn'd
 Our poor terrestrial dwelling-place below.

Our dying, weak humanity became
 Conjunct with Godhead : and the Lord was seen
 At once as God and man : as God in might
 And wonder-working mercy, but as man
 In voluntary suffering, ev'n to death.

Who could unfold that awful " mystery
 Of godliness," so well as he that leant
 Upon the bosom of the' incarnate Truth—

Già bebbe ai fonti di celeste vena ?
Però vietògli il suo terreno incarco
Giungere a penetrar l'ordine intero
Di quell' arcano immenso,
Ch'è caligine al senso,
E confonde, ed atterra occhio, e pensiero :
Che a favellar di sì mirabil' opra
Del Facitor eterno,
In noi manca la speme :
Ma ragione, e desio
Di non tacer di lei, crescono insieme.

S'erge cotanto in alto il gran soggetto,
Che ha bene onde gioisca in esser vinto
Da sì forte cagion nostro intelletto.
E come alzarsi a volo
Potrian nostre parole inferme, e frali
Ver gli arcani immortali,
Che nel seno di Dio posano solo ?
L'alma fede soccorra a' nostri ingegni,
E'l suo silenzio istesso,
Ciò, che di penetrar non è concesso,
A venerar c' insegna.
La rimembranza splenda
Del gran natale alla stagion presente,
E in guisa tal'la mente
Dell'immagine sua n'orni e dipinga,
Ch'el pensiero ne senta

Truth from that fount imbibing ?

Yet even him

This "mortal coil" forbade to penetrate
 The depths of that concealment which is dark
 To sense, and all the powers of thought o'erbears.
 Rightly to speak of that chief miracle
 Of God's surpassing power, man cannot hope :
 And yet, the impulse and the thirst to break
 Our wondering silence, must for ever grow.

In sooth, so glorious is the heavenly theme,
 We well may joy imagination droops
 To meditate his love ! For how could words,
 Infirm as ours, ascend to secrecies
 Which in the breast of God's omniscience dwell !
 Let earnest faith our frail conceptions aid,
 And reverent silence teach us to adore
 What none shall fathom !

Yet must memory

On our Redeemer's natal hour still muse,
 Adoring, and in wonder realize

Impresso l'antro di Betlemme, e vegga,
Come il presepe il suo Signore accolga,
E come dei pastor l'umil fortuna
Porti liete ghirlande
Alla povera cuna.

Oda i vagiti del celeste Infante,
E caldi vegga di preghiere, e zelo
Nella vergine madre atti, e sembante.
Miri del sacro veglio
La sollicita cura, oda i concetti
Scesi dal ciel, qual'aurea pioggia in grembo
Alla rozza capanna; e noi cosparsi
Di dolce pianto quai farem parole
All'oriente dell'eterno sole?

O te, Betlemme, avventurosa terra,
Quanto è conforme al tuo bel nome il dono
Che a pascere l'alme d'immortal salute,
Dalla reggia del cielo in te discese!
Non terrena virtute,
O provincia felice, Efrata illustre,
A te feconda i campi;
Che tua fertil ricchezza un Dio si fece.
Entro le tue capanne i primi lampi
Del tuo dominator vide Israele,
Nè tu già mai fra le possenti, e belle
Terre di Giuda giacerai negletta.
Fortunata del mondo unica parte,

That scene—the cave of Bethlehem, and the strange
 Mean shelter which receiv'd the King of kings,
 While lowly shepherds offer'd joyous praise
 Round his poor cradle.

Hear the plaintive cry
 Of the celestial Infant : mark the prayers
 And fervours of the virgin mother's soul :
 Behold the watchers : list the harmonies
 Wafted from that bright choir, like gentle dews
 Into the rustic hut : and what shall be
 Our accents, mingling with glad tears, to greet
 The orient rays of this eternal sun ?

O Bethlehem, house of bread, propitious name !
 How consonant with his blest embassy
 Who came to nourish us with food Divine
 From heaven's own mansions ! Not thy fruitful soil,
 Most honour'd spot, illustrious Ephratah,
 Alone enriches thee : thy God himself
 Became thy peerless treasure. From thy roof
 Shone forth on Israel the surpassing beams
 Of the sole potentate : ne'er canst thou cease
 To be the crown of Judah's fertile realm.
 O blessed region, in thy shades behold

Nel tuo seno discerni
Lui, che fu sempre col gran Padre, e seco
Fu compagno, e Signor de' giorni eterni.

* * * *

Dunque de' nostri accenti
Taccia l'inutil suono,
E con preghiere ardenti
Andiam dinanzi a lui, che mai non prese
Tugurio vile a schivo,
Mosso a mercè delle terrene genti,
Per cui tanto placò l'ira paterna,
Che loro il varco aperse
Onde s'ascende alla gran reggia eterna.

ALESSANDRO GUIDI.

Him that was with the Father, and partook
His glory, Ancient of eternal days !

Now let the feeble strain be hush'd ; and prayer
In stillness rise to Him that ne'er disdain'd
Earth's low abode, with tender pity mov'd
For man, and in the plenitude of love
Atoning, op'd our unrestricted way
To the fair mansions of celestial peace.

INNO I.

COME di selva annosa
Sotto l'oscuro vel,
Talor di vivo ciel
Lieto splendor si posa,
Lo Spirto del Signore
Ne illumina così,
Fa sottentrare il dì
Al dubbio ed all'errore.

Ah ! che sovente affranto
Dal duol, dallo squalor,
Cammina il viaggiator
Nella vallée del pianto ;
Ma d'onda fresca e chiara
L'allegra il buon Gesù ;
La roccia sua quaggiù
Lo alberga, e lo ripara.

Se temi la buffera,
Cristiano pellegrin,
Nell'arso tuo cammin
Contempla il cielo, e spera :

HYMN I.

As through the darkening umbrage
 Which ancient forests lend,
 At times new rays of splendour
 From sunny skies descend,
 So thy reviving Spirit
 Illuminates our way,
 'Midst clouds of doubt and error
 Infusing heavenly day.

How oft life's harass'd wanderer,
 Through miry, thorny brakes,
 Along the vale of weeping
 His toilsome journey takes.
 Yet the good Saviour cheers him
 With fountains cool and clear ;
 Still is that Rock of Ages
 His refuge ever near.

Fear'st thou, O Christian pilgrim,
 The whirlwind in its wrath ?
 Ah, look to heaven, still hopeful,
 From thy parch'd desert path.

Nell' immortal dimora
T'aspetta il tuo Signor
Con vivido liquor,
Che l'anima ristora.

Esultane, o redento,
Nel viaggio tuo quaggiù ;
E schermo a te Gesù
In ogni tristo evento.
In questo mar di pianto
Dov'apri il tuo sentier,
Consolati, nocchier,
Gesù ti sta d'accanto.

Il dolce il pio Signore,
Che i mali tuoi portò,
Ignaro esser mai può
Del tuo dolore ?
All'alma tua, che langue,
Oh ! non darà vigor
Colui, che, tutto amor,
Per te versava il sangue ?

T'innoltra, o pellegrino,
Alla tua patria, al ciel,
Che il santo, l'Immanuel
Dischiuso n'ha il cammino.

See yon immortal mansion ;
There He awaits thee still,
With his own living waters
Thy fainting soul to fill.

Exult then, O redeem'd one,
'Mid thy brief toil below ;
For Jesus is thy guardian
Against each fear and foe.
Yes, on the sea of sorrows
O'er which thy course shall lie,
Frail mariner, thy solace
Is Christ, for ever nigh.

The Lord, so kind, so gracious,
Who all thy sickness bare,
Can He be now unmindful
Of thy distress or care ?
And when thy spirit falters
Shall He not strength supply,
Whose love still grew with anguish,
Who came for thee to die ?

March on, O lowly pilgrim,
To heaven, thy father-land ;
Thy Saviour, thine Immanuel,
Is near at thy right hand :

E se il vigor vien manco,
Sovvienti, che Gesù
Prega immortal lassù
Per chi di duolo è stanco.

Inni e Cantici, Torino, 1853.

And is thy vigour failing?
Think, He must ever reign,
An all-prevailing Pleader
For hearts oppress'd with pain !

From Hymns used by the Vaudois at Turin.

INNO II.

A TE, Signor, s'innalzino
Le fervide canzoni ;
La terra insiem' cogli Angeli
A te la laude intuoni ;
Noi ti adoriamo altissimo
Dominator dei Re !

Tu Santo degli eserciti
Il Condottier possente,
Eterno, immensurabile,
Tu fecondasti il niente :
L'orbe ti esalta, e celebra,
Che la tua man lo fe'.

A te fastosi i cantici
Sollevano i profeti,
Che fèr palesi ai secoli
I santi tuoi decreti,
Assorti in quella gloria
Onde fûr nunzi un dì.

HYMN II.

To Thee, great Lord, outpouring still
 Our reverent fervent lays,
 Let men, with angels soaring still,
 Intone the Saviour's praise :
 Thee, glorious Lord, we worship,
 Thee, heavenly King of kings !

Thou Lord of hosts celestial,
 Guardian of earth and skies,
 Immense, incomprehensible,
 Bad'st thy creation rise ;
 From nothingness to being
 At thy command it springs.

To Thee their strains magniloquent
 The heaven-taught seers awoke,
 And made to the' ages manifest
 What inspiration spoke :
 Rapt now into those glories which
 Themselves presag'd of old.

Dan lode a te gli Apostoli
Degli alti tuoi portenti
Apportatori ai popoli
Sparsi fra i quattro venti ;
A cui l'immarcescibile
Serto Gesù largì.

Te canta pur dei martiri
Il trionfal drappello,
Che fèr le stole candide
Nel sangue dell'Agnello,
E quei che miti il seguono
Ovunque volga il piè.

Agnel di Dio, che vittima
Di pace a noi ti festi,
Tu della morte i vincoli
Nel tuo vigor frangesti ;
L'orgoglio reo di Satana
Curvossi innanzi a te.

E il Padre in ciel sugli esseri
Ti diè perenne impero,
Dove verrai de'reprobi
Retributor severo,
Pei santi, che in te sperano,
Fonte d'immenso amor.

The Apostles' glorious company
Resound thy wonders forth,
To realms and climates far remote
I' the East, the West, the North.
For them the palm unwithering
Hath Jesu's hand unroll'd.

The noble army of martyrs still
Thy triumph doth recount,
Who wash'd and made their vesture white
In the Lamb's crimson fount ;
And all who meekly follow'd Him
Where'er his steps have trod.

O Lamb of God, whose offering once
Did our true weal procure,
Thou brak'st the bands of dreaded death
With victory most secure ;
While guilty pride of Lucifer
Fell, and confess'd the God.

The Father, God, o'er all our race
Hath made Thee sovereign here ;
Thou comest, to thy harden'd foes
An awful Judge severe ;
But to the saints, who hope in Thee,
Of boundless love the spring.

Guida a' beati pascoli
La tua diletta greggia,
A chi t'invoca, provvido,
Di tua pietà largheggia :
Noi siam tapini e poveri,
Ricchi del tuo favor.

Signor, pietà, le lacrime
Tergi sul mesto ciglio ;
Tu ne conforta, e illumina
Fra l'ombre, e nel periglio :
La nostra speme fondasi
Sol nella tua virtù.

Stendi il regal dominio
Dall'uno all'altro polo,
Insin che gli anni e i secoli
Sciorran sull'orbe il volo :
Tutte le lingue invochino
Il nome di Gesù.

Inni e Cantici, Torino, 1853.

O guide to thy green pasturage
Thy own beloved flock ;
To whomsoe'er thine aid implore
The springs of life unlock !
To us, the lost and indigent,
Good Lord, thy treasures bring !

Ah, pity, Lord ; from sorrowing eyes
Wipe Thou the bitter tear ;
Console, sustain, illumine us,
'Midst gloom and peril here ;
And let our holiest hope repose
On thy free grace alone !

Extend thy glorious royalty,
O Lord, from pole to pole,
While fleeting years and centuries,
While spheres and ages roll ;
And let all tongues thy name invoke,
And Thee their Saviour own !

INNO III.

COME è dolce la preghiera
Fra le angosce della vita,
Per chi crede, per chi spera
Nell'aita del Signor!
E la fonte cui c'invita
L'amoroso Redentor.

Del Signor sta fiso il ciglio
Sovra il mesto che lo implora:
Pace a lui, vigor, consiglio,
Quello sguardo infonderà:
Pari ad aura che ristora
Fior riarso, a lui sarà.

Tu Signor, quando t'invoco,
Il tuo volto a me riveli;
Tu mi parli, e divien fioco
Ogni accento di quaggiù:
Io vagheggio allor su i cieli
Le dovizie di Gesù.

HYMN III.

'MIDST the pains of earth's sojourniing,
 Sweet the privilege of prayer ;
 When the heart to God returning,
 To the Name all names above,
 Thirsts for mercy's well-spring, there
 Whither calls redeeming love.

Fix'd are eyes of heavenly kindness
 Where the suppliant heart complains ;
 Peace for trouble, light for blindness,
 That celestial look can give :
 As soft gales and genial rains
 Bid the withering floweret live.

To my suppliant soul's aspiring,
 Lord, unveil thy smiling face ;
 Speak to me,—then sinks expiring
 All the din of earth below ;
 Thus, by thy redundant grace,
 All the wealth of Christ I know.

Colla tenera fidanza
D'un figliolo a te paleso
Le mie pene, e la speranza
Nell'affetto tuo divin :
Al tuo piede pongo il peso
Che ritarda il mio cammin.

Tu m'accogli e mi conforti
D'un paterno tuo sorriso :
E mi porgi il pan dei forti
Nella speme e nella fè ;
L'aspra via del Paradiso
Si rinfiora allor per me.

Dov'è il fascio dei dolori
Che al tuo piè l'alma depose ?
Or son gioie, son tesori
Dell'eterna tua pietà :
Spine fur, cui cangia in rose
Ineffabil carità.

Della fervida preghiera
Le parole son possenti ;
Strida orrenda la bufera,
Gonfio frema e mugghi il mar :
Frenar ponno il turbo, e i venti
E le nubi dileguar.

With the tender fond affiance
Of thy child, will I convey
My distress, and my reliance
On thy unexhausted grace.
At thy feet each load I lay
Which retards my heavenward race.

Thou wilt welcome and regale me
With thy own paternal smile ;
Bread of heaven which cannot fail me,
Faith and blessed charity :
Till earth's thorny path the while
Blooms with deathless flowers for me.

Where are now the loads of sadness
Which my soul to Thee resign'd ?
Treasures now of Christian gladness
Sprung from love's exhaustless well :
Thorns with Eden's roses twin'd
By thy grace unspeakable !

Yes, of fervid supplication
Potent are the accents frail ;
Roars the whirlpool of temptation—
Shrieks the blast and heaves the deep ?
These can stay the furious gale,
Lulling winds and waves to sleep.

INNO IV.

NEGLI affanni dell'esiglio,
 Tu parlando al cor mi vieni,
 Santo libro, che contieni
 La parola del Signor :
 Tu consiglio nel periglio,
 Tu conforto nel dolor.

Soavissima parola !
 E qual alma a te si serra ?
 Tu recasti sulla terra
 Nuova scuola di virtù :
 Nuova scuola, che consola
 Fin chi geme in servitù.

Sol ch'io t'apra, già si calma
 La mia mente tempestosa ;
 Tu sei l'iride pietosa
 D'ogni turbine crudel :
 E la calma di quest'alma
 Sembra un'estasi del ciel.

Io ti leggo, e provo intanto
 Tenerezza e meraviglia,
 Nè l'umor su queste ciglia

HYMN IV.

IN the troubles of earth's exile
 Thou dost peace and joy afford,
 Holy volume which revealest
 Each kind promise of my Lord.
 Light and guide in toils and dangers,
 Balm of sadness, healing word !

Source of sweetest consolations !
 Yet how few seek refuge there !
 Where eternal Wisdom openeth
 Her new school of virtues rare ;
 Wisdom which in hope and gladness
 Bids e'en mourning captives share !

Thee unclosing, I find calmness
 'Mid the heart's tempestuous fear ;
 Thou art as the bow of pity
 Gleaming through the storm's career :
 And the stillness of my spirit
 Tells me heavenly joys are near.

As I read, my soul is conscious
 Of a tender deep surprise ;
 Nor from bitter founts of sorrow

Vien dal fonte del dolor :
Libro santo, accogli il pianto
Che in te versa un grato cor.

Nel più puro amor fraterno
Per te l'alma è sublimata ;
La ragion santificata,
Santo libro, trovo in te :
E in te scerno il Verbo Eterno,
Che favella alla mia fè.

So che indegno omai son fatto
Della gloria del mio Dio ;
Ma tal prezzo offrir poss' io,
Ch'ei negarmela non può :
Ah ! per patto del riscatto
Il suo sangue io gli offrirò !

Nel promettere perdono
Al mortal, che in te s'affida,
Tre virtù gli dà per guida
Sulla via della pietà :
No, non sono che tuo dono,
Fè, speranza, e carità.

Inni e Cantici, Torino, 1853.

Gush the drops that dim these eyes :
Holy volume—take the tribute
Which my tearful joy supplies !

To the purest love fraternal
Thou canst this fallen heart attune ;
Reason sanctified, exalted,
Holy volume, is thy boon ;
Yea, through thee, the Word Eternal
Deigns with lowly faith commune.

Quite I own myself unworthy
Thy celestial bliss to see :
Yet, my Saviour's ransom pleading,
How shall grace reject my plea !
Ah ! that one Divine oblation
Still my soul presents to Thee !

While conceding free redemption
From our guilt and misery,—
Richest graces hast thou promis'd
To our pilgrim penury ;
Triple fruits, of mercy solely,
Faith, and hope, and charity.

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